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EDITORIAL

Justice for all

SOME months ago, an Alsatian got into a fight with a spaniel, whose owner brought a High Court action claiming that during the fight the Alsatian injured her. She lost her case. The judge was then told that both parties had been assisted by the Legal Aid scheme and that the Alsatian's owner would not have had enough money to pay damages anyway. The case had been a waste of everybody's time and the taxpayers' money.

Lord Justice Goddard says: "The provision of Legal Aid has not only increased litigation, but appears to have led to far fewer cases being settled than formerly."

The scheme has certainly had its growing pains.

LAST year 47,579 applications were made for Legal Aid. The 110 committees set up in England and Wales by the Law Society to consider requests for aid gave assistance in 34,726 cases.

LORD JUSTICE GODDARD
"Litigation has increased"

Broadly, anyone who has less than £500 a year, after paying his rent, can get free aid in the High Courts or Courts of Appeal if he has a reasonable case. Eighty per cent of all applications are concerned with divorce and marriage problems. Sixteen per cent involve claims for damages for personal injuries, mainly caused by road or factory accidents. The remainder cover every sort of legal difficulty a human being can get into.

But nine out of ten cases were successful, thus justifying the annual running costs of the scheme—estimated at about £250,000.

And as people get used to the scheme they will learn to use it more sensibly and come to realize that the mere granting of aid does not mean that a case is watertight and should not be settled out of court.

ALREADY in the second year of the scheme there were almost three thousand fewer applications for aid than in the year before. That means that the committees are being less troubled by frivolous applications. But we still have some way to go before the scheme is perfect.

Ten thousand cases a week go through the county courts. They are not eligible for aid. Thus many deserving people who have a genuine case cannot bring it because they dare not risk having to pay the costs if they lose.

THE scheme, now that we have had experience of its working, should be extended to the county courts. More than that, the income limit for aid should be raised. There is no reason why the Law Society committees should not be empowered to grant aid in all cases and to make the litigant contribute what he can afford.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WHEN Ronald Lampitt was young, the fun of picnics was that Authority might suddenly appear. "My mother was a carefree sort," he says, "and would lead me into Hillingdon Court Park, Middlesex, long before it was publicly owned." Unlike his cover family, Lampitt was never discovered, and now lives far from the scene. He took the natural detail for his painting from Lamorbey Park, Sidcup—also once private, now an education centre and public park.

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FREE SPEECH

Children who plan for safer roads

IN THIS BOROUGH, the schoolchildren themselves are tackling the danger of "Death On Wheels" mentioned in JOHN BULL'S Editorial on July 18.

My daughter came proudly home the other day, and announced: "We've got our own road safety committee at school now. We're asking the headmistress to stop any girl from cycling to school until she's passed our proficiency test." All Beckenham's schoolchildren have become road safety conscious. Twenty-five of them form a junior accident prevention council for the borough. They submit suggestions for road safety to the local council. Already, they have had dangerous bumps at one bus stop smoothed out, and a badly sited road sign moved to a better position.—MRS. D. D., Beckenham, Kent.

Canal Adventure

MEMBERS of Birmingham boys' clubs have found that canal travel is much more exciting than camping. The Birmingham Federation of Boys' Clubs owns a seventy foot long narrow boat called the Norman Chamberlain. It was built from the salvaged hull of an old barge, and houses a crew of

sixteen. The boat normally cruises along the Midland waterways, but my photograph shows it taking on water during a ten-day cruise to London for the Coronation.—E. C. HALE, Lozells Youth Club, Birmingham, 19.

Cars Versus T.V.

IN OUR short street of nineteen houses, we boast six television sets, and four cars. These few luxuries have turned a once-peaceful locality into a hive of discord. The viewers are constantly blaming the car owners for interference. Although I have a suppressor on my car, as suggested in "Free Speech," July 4, my neighbours turn on me if I start up during *Muffin The Mule*. Television should not have to depend on the courtesy of others. Can't the sets themselves be made interference - proof? — M. M. L., Buckinghamshire.

Trifling Sum

JOHN BULL'S Editorial on farthings (July 4) stated that the half-farthing was demonetized in 1869. Yet I have a one-third farthing, minted in 1885. —EDWARD JONES, Queens Road, Liverpool, 6.

"The coin was not in circulation in this country," says the British Museum. "It was struck for issue in Malta. The last record of its use was in 1885."

Speedy Delivery

HERE, in South Australia, my JOHN BULL is not neatly folded, and pushed through the letterbox. The newsagent drives down the road at a fair pace, deftly throwing tightly - twisted bundles of reading matter into gardens as he passes. Any morning, people in dressing gowns can be seen searching the shrubbery for their morning papers. Our postman cycles along the footpath, blowing a whistle when he leaves letters in the box on the gate post.—MRS. F. E. C. EDGSON, Finchley Park, South Australia.

Mother's Playtime

I OFTEN take my three children to the fields for a game of cricket, and I always invite any small boys who happen to be about to join our game. The other day, there was a knock at the door, and when my son opened it, three small, grubby lads appeared. "Please," said one with great solemnity, "can your mummy come out to play?"—MRS. IRENE HALL, West Square, Brigg, Lancashire.

Easy Stages

FOR years, I longed to learn French, but I could not afford a private tutor, and I left work too late to attend evening classes. Then, recently, I bought a dictionary, and a second-hand French grammar. I learn one page of the dictionary each day, and spend an hour or two with the grammar every weekend. Already, my small knowledge of French has proved useful in business, although my halting words to a Frenchman produce a voluble torrent in reply.—DOROTHY DENNING, Terrace Road, Bournemouth.

Artists' Choice

I PARTICULARLY admire the colours used by JOHN BULL'S cover artists, and I have often argued with my family about the medium used. Is it water-colour, oils, poster-colour, pastel, or a combination of several?—MRS. B. SHREDER, Heolddu Avenue, Bargoed, Glamorganshire.

JOHN BULL'S *artists vary in their choice of medium. Poster colour is popular with K. J. Petts, Gerald Fancett, Bill Morden, and Fred Laurent, while A. R. Thomson, R.A., and Andrew Johnston use oils. Water colour is used by Ronald Lampitt and William Little. Charles Wood paints with water and poster colours, and Douglas Mays uses water colour or oils, according to subject. For general illustrations, Richard O. Rose prefers line and water colour, reserving poster colour for cover work. Gordon Nicholls, R.I., uses oils or poster colour, depending on the subject.*

Coronation Cover

A FRIEND of mine who returned from France recently, showed me a copy of the French magazine *Paris Match*, dated June 13. To my surprise, the cover was the painting

"After The Coronation," by Fred Laurent—JOHN BULL'S cover for May 30.—S. T. BARNES, Chacewater, Truro, Cornwall.

During an exhaustive search for a suitable cover illustration for the Coronation issue of "Paris Match," the magazine's London representative saw a proof copy of JOHN BULL'S *cover. He was so impressed with the quality of Laurent's painting that he arranged for the proof to be flown to Paris and shown to his editor. As a result, "Paris Match" sought permission to reproduce* JOHN BULL'S *cover and the usual copyright rule was waived in this special case. The week before, "Paris Match" also used Ronald Lampitt's map of the Coronation route, specially drawn for* JOHN BULL.

Travel Charge

WHILE we were visiting Blackpool for our annual holiday, we were amazed to find that even in 1953 tolls are still in operation. On two occasions, we crossed the River Wyre by the Shard Bridge. Each time, the whole bus-load had to pay 1d. per person, with, I suppose, another payment for the bus. — F. R., Runcorn, Cheshire.

Toll bridges are usually owned by a company or trust. Many councils have bought the toll rights of bridges, and made them free, but the price may run into thousands of pounds.

Garden Guardians

AS I walked round a large garden in Kent, I noticed what at first I took to be cats lying round the garden. When I looked closely, I saw that the "bodies" were old black stockings, stuffed with material, and with silver paper pinned on for eyes. From what I could see, the ruse was very successful in scaring birds away.—V. POWDERHAM, Porthkerry Avenue, Welling, Kent.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

The woman who crashed into a man's world

IVY BENSON

Leader of the all-girl dance band

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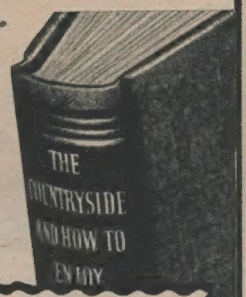

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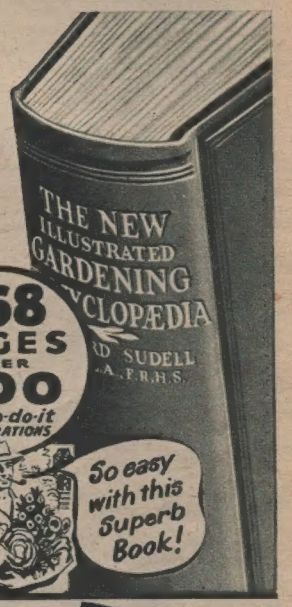

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John Bull presents the dramatic record—told fully for the first time—of Britain's human torpedoes and midget submarine crews

ABOVE US THE WAVES

by CHARLES WARREN and JAMES BENSON

IN THE EARLY SPRING of 1942, certain naval units in Britain were asked to provide volunteers for "a hazardous operation." The phrase could mean various things, and the men who answered the appeal did so for various reasons. Some were dissatisfied with the job they were doing or the ship they were in; others were at odds with themselves or their companions; still others came forward for no better reason than that they were crossed in love. A few were romantics with the death-or-glory outlook, impatient men who wished to grapple with the enemy without undergoing the irritating discipline of learning how to do so. Two qualifications were essential: youth and perfect fitness.

Preliminary selection was arbitrary. Necessarily so, since the selecting officers had no idea what the "hazardous operation" might be. The greatest secrecy was impressed on all. It was an excited and very curious batch of ten volunteers who assembled in April, 1942, at Fort Blockhouse, near Portsmouth, to form the first intake of what was to be known as the Experimental Submarine Flotilla. There they learnt what awaited them. They were to be trained to man a weapon which had so far been the prerogative of the enemy—the human torpedo.

The idea of using as an offensive weapon a small underwater craft driven by a single man, or by at most a crew of three, was not new. It had been examined by the staffs of all marine powers years before the first World War. As early as 1885 the navy had tried out a "midget submarine" in the Thames. The experiment was a failure; the craft sank after ramming a pier and broke its back.

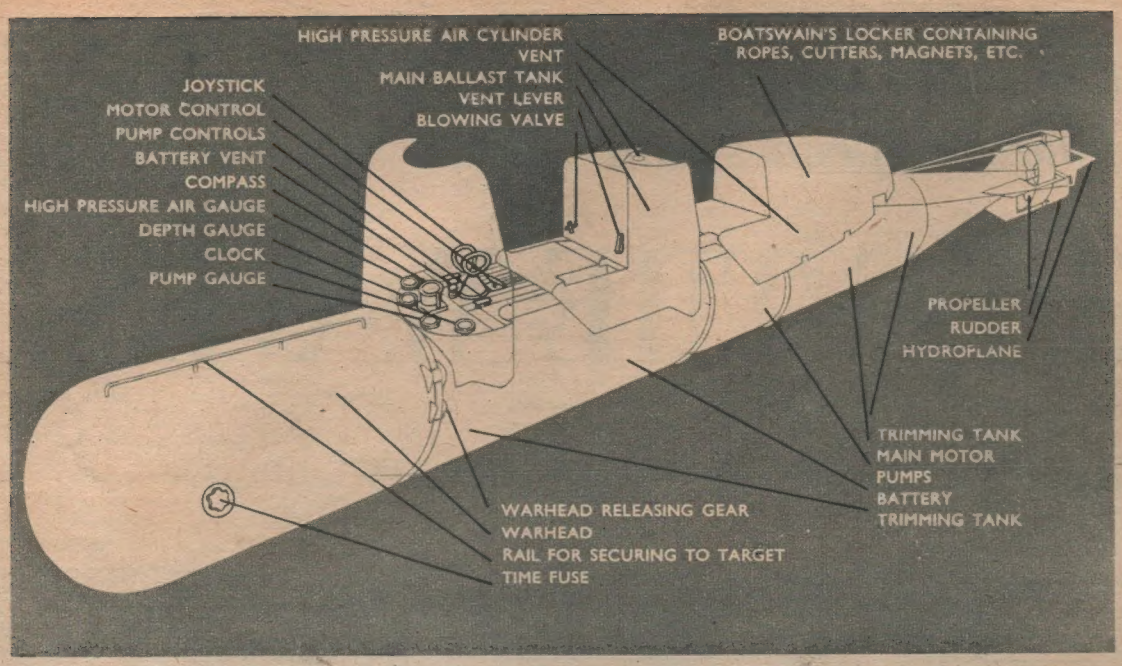
Threat To Britain's Seaways

Later, in 1914, the Admiralty rejected the invention of a small-scale underwater "manned projectile." But the idea had not been scrapped, and when war broke out with Germany in 1939 the navy was working on a model of a pocket submarine. Progress, however, had been slow, and the first prototype had still to be completed when, at the end of 1941, the terrible threat to Britain's seaways called urgently for an immediate improvisation in the underwater field.

The human torpedo was a weapon peculiarly suited to counter enemy naval strategy at that time. That strategy was to keep the British fleet either dispersed and deployed over great areas of the northern seas and the Mediterranean, or contained and inactive in coastal waters where the enemy *might* appear. Britain, like a broken ant hill, was the centre on which lines of innumerable convoys were swarming. With no risk to themselves, simply by lying in well-defended anchorages from which they only

Without warning a torpedo would hit a pocket of fresh water and crash to the bottom. His body caught in an immense and liquid clamp, a diver would lose his control and be forced to let go

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD OSMOND



The human torpedo. Propelled by electric motor, it is 22¼ ft. long and has a 600 lb. explosive warhead. A joystick controls the rudder, and hydroplane for diving and surfacing. It can also rise or sink by letting high-pressure air in or out of the ballast tank. When submerged, the craft is kept level by pumps which regulate the amount of water in trimming tanks fore and aft

Hard but genial "Slasher" Sladen commanded the charioteers "through blazing example." A six-footer, he played rugby for England, and as a submarine captain torpedoed the Prinz Eugen

emerged for a quick raid, units of the German and Italian fleets forced the convoy lines outwards, compelled them to take circuitous routes and to make time-wasting feints. And with the convoys went the British warships.

Thus, in Brest and Bergen, in the inaccessible Norwegian Skerries, in Tripoli and Palermo, the Axis naval power lay in store, static in space but dynamic in menace. The German submarine force was harrying our merchantmen; its killing had to be left to the escorts. It was against its sleeping partners, the Scharnhorst and Luetzow, the massive Tirpitz, the Italian cruisers like the Ulpia Traiano, that the human torpedoes were to be sent. For these projected attacks, the navy had already a model.

On the night of September 18, 1941, three Allied merchant ships were sunk while anchored in Gibraltar harbour. They had been attacked, it transpired later, by Italian human torpedoes operating from the submarine Scire. This was not the first time that underwater craft had penetrated into strongly defended anchorages. The German, Commander Prien, had brought a full size submarine into Scapa Flow in October, 1939, and torpedoed H.M.S. Royal Oak. The Italians had attempted to enter the Grand Harbour at Malta with two-man submarines launched from an E-boat in the summer of 1941. In Christmas week of the same year, Italian human torpedoes reached the harbour at Alexandria, where they attacked and damaged the Queen Elizabeth and Valiant. Japanese midget submarines had been used at Pearl Harbour.

Acid Note From Churchill

These incidents showed what daring men could do with improvised weapons. At least one man in Britain was quick to see their significance and exploit it to his ends. At the beginning of 1942, Winston Churchill, in a somewhat acid minute, invited his chiefs of staff to apply their minds to the problem. "Is there any reason" he asked, "why we should be incapable of the same kind of scientific aggressive action that the Italians have shown?"

The ten young men who assembled in Portsmouth saw none. If enthusiasm and readiness to "have a go" were all that was required, the Tirpitz and her sister ships were already condemned to death. But far more than enthusiastic self-sacrifice was called for from the crews who would ride the human torpedoes, or "Chariots" as the navy came to name them. Effective operation of a chariot needed that uncommon thing: the imaginative expert. The charioteer had to be a brave man physically, but more than half of his total courage had to come from a conscious technical mastery of his weapon. To know and accept the dangers he ran was essential. To have accepted those dangers because he was confident his expertise could offset them was all.

Such men are rare. The great majority, perhaps all of those who volunteered for chariots thought they were just such men. In reality, very few were. To choose and train those few, the Admiralty appointed a selection committee of two officers—Commanders Sladen and Fell.

Appealed To The Lower Deck

No two men could have been less alike, yet, in the task that confronted them, more suited to each other. Sladen was the drive, the executive; Fell the modifying gear that adjusted the power to human capacities. Both were submariners of great experience. Commander W. R. ("Tiny") Fell, D.S.C., R.N., had been in underwater craft for twenty-two years. A short, slight New Zealander of deep charm and humanity, he appealed to the lower deck through the understanding he brought to its problems. His technical ability was not in question. When he joined the Experimental Submarine Flotilla he had just completed a brilliant spell of service in combined operations off the Norwegian coast, the sort of cloak and dagger missions of which human torpedoes were to be an extension. Fell was the image of the normal man. But it was an image so finely in focus as to give its every tone and value at once a just and exceptional significance.

If Fell was in fine proportion, "Slasher" Sladen was an astonishing enlargement. Commander G. M. Sladen, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., was in 1942 one of the best-known submarine commanders in the service. He had commanded, among others, such famous craft as Trident and Oswald, and had torpedoed the German heavy cruiser Prinz Eugen.

A giant physically, standing more than six feet and weighing more than thirteen stone, he had that all-round ability at sport that so potently impresses the regular naval rating. He was hard but genial. The fact that he had played Rugby football for England did not prevent his playing in goal for his submarine's soccer eleven. Sladen detested inefficiency and was merciless with those guilty of it. But he never asked men to do something he was not prepared to do better himself. Fell commanded through authoritative sympathy, Sladen through blazing example. These two were natural leaders born under different signs.

Leadership can seldom have been more necessary. Only three charioteers had had underwater experience as divers; one had been in submarines. But the operational technique of a human torpedo was so strange as to be a little daunting to them all. It was a technique that had to be mastered empirically. The engineers working on the torpedo itself were in better case; they had a model to work from—an Italian chariot captured after the Gibraltar attack. The human half of the weapon had to learn its job by trial and error.

First Test In A Diving Tank

The charioteers spent the first few days at Portsmouth walking about the bottom of a diving tank using the Davis submarine escape apparatus. Watching their men go through this relatively innocuous exercise enabled Sladen and Fell to refine their raw material. It was at this early stage that the reckless death-or-glory man went out—the man who plunged to the floor of the fifteen-foot tank without hesitation, but without checking his equipment. Out, too, was the cocky "know all," who patronized the whole procedure until he found himself totally immersed, when he panicked and shot to the surface as fast as his buoyancy let him.

The commanders were looking for another sort of candidate. The man they wanted was he who wished to know just what the problem entailed; the serious "tradesman" who went over his apparatus—"What's this for? Suppose I open this valve?"—and who climbed down the ladder slowly, checking his reactions and those of his set at every depth. This was the cautious technician who approached the prospect of working under water gingerly, with the prudent concentration of a cracksman blowing a safe. Sladen and Fell watched for his kind anxiously. When the final count was made, they had only found it about twice in every ten volunteers.

The torpedo these brave men were to ride was

The Admiralty gave full approval to Charles Warren and James Benson in writing the story of the wartime exploits of Twelfth Submarine Flotilla. They were able to consult official reports and records as well as the log books and diaries of the submariners involved. Their book, "Above Us The Waves," will be published in September by Harrap at 15s. The story is also to be filmed by Sydney Box and William MacQuitty for London Independent Producers.

"Tiny" Fell, who commanded the human torpedo crews with Sladen. Short and slight, he was a New Zealander of deep charm and humanity, and had served in submarines for twenty-two years

a 3,500 lb. steel cylinder, 22¼ feet long and 2¼ feet wide. Its power came from electric batteries; its control was by a joy stick which actuated rudder and hydroplanes on much the same principle as the control column of an aircraft. Number One of the two-man crew sat in front behind a small steel screen that acted as a water shield. It was he who drove and navigated the machine; he, too, controlled the pump mechanism and compressed air supply whose regulation let the torpedo dive or surface.

He Fixed Explosive Warhead

Behind him, the length of a forearm away, sat Number Two, who formed the mobile half of the partnership. It was he who cut a way through the anti-submarine nets, cleared the chariot from foulings, and secured to the hull of the enemy ship the detachable warhead, charged with 600 lb. of explosive, which formed the torpedo's nose. The endurance of the batteries was six hours at a speed of three knots, giving a maximum range of eighteen miles.

Although it had been impressed on the charioteers that they were not volunteering for a one-way ticket adventure, the limited range of the torpedo made the risk of being taken prisoner a very real one. But this, it is certain, was among the least of the volunteers' troubles.

The problem of operating human torpedoes was three-fold. Two of the elements were machines and men. The third was breathing—the provision of the fuel of life itself. The nature of the task set the charioteers—immersed for long periods in enemy waters and attacking, it may be, a few feet from enemy patrols and sentries—made any form of air diving, with its constant stream of air bubbles, impossible. The men navigating the torpedoes had to breathe closed circuit oxygen. And that meant the risk of death or disablement by poisoning.

Oxygen poisoning was expected to occur in varying degrees as soon as a diver went below thirty feet; the Admiralty had counted on the possibilty of men working at eighty feet. The experts warned them that fatal poisoning would supervene at that depth in a matter of seconds, but allowed that a diver might work at fifty feet for short periods provided he was very alert for the first signs of distress. The signs were to become familiar to the volunteers.

The poisoning began slowly and slyly by creating a feeling of confidence and well-being. The intense discomforts of diving were forgotten. Hands suddenly ceased to be cold and the pinch of the nose clips unbearable. The jaw-straining

A charioteer at the driving controls of a human torpedo. His one-piece diving suit, with watertight cuffs, is of rubberized fabric. He breathes in closed circuit oxygen through the mouth—his nose is kept shut by clips. The oxygen, from bottles on his back, is fed past a control-valve into a breathing bag on his chest, and thence into a mouthpiece gripped between the teeth. Poisonous exhaled carbon dioxide is absorbed by chemicals in a container in the breathing bag. Before diving, air is withdrawn from the suit by a vent in the helmet top. In the water, the diver's buoyancy is adjusted by detachable weights under the breathing bag and in his canvas boots. The visor of his helmet is coated inside with anti-dimming compound

effort of keeping the lips clamped on the teat in the mouthpiece was relaxed. Breathing grew jaunty. The rubber suit's clammy grip on the body became as soft as wool, and an idiotic complacency was born—there was nothing in this diving business after all.

Then came a change. The extremities began to tingle; the legs and arms to twitch. An urgent desire to stretch was felt as brain abandoned body. Vision was clouded, lips prised apart; consciousness escaped dreamily like bubbles. Total collapse was near. Then the diver must jerk at his life-line, or shoot himself up to the surface—and life—by a quick release of the lead plates hanging round his waist. It was often an unconscious man who was hauled into the diving boat, from whom the suit had to be cut with a knife as he writhed in violent convulsions. The charioteers were buying their experience dear.

To increase endurance and give them confidence in the strange world under water, they were sent on a course of heavy-suited helmet diving. After the skin-tight hood of the Sladen suit—as the rubber casing they wore came to be known—which crushed the ears and bruised the cheekbones, the roomy helmet was like release from a straight jacket. The anxiety about oxygen was gone, for the man in the Sladen suit was continually aware that he kept himself alive only by his own coolness and technical skill. The luxury of breathing air and knowing that it came, inexhaustibly, from above, was intoxicating. The charioteers in their heavy suits walked about the bottom of the Solent very happily. Helmet diving, they considered, was money for old rope. But if the charioteers

Seven of the original charioteers. Left to right, top: author Charles Warren, Lieutenants Evans, Bonnell, Moreton. Bottom: ex-Commandos Cpl. Allender and Sgt. Craig, Able Seaman Brown

were becoming over-confident, the first fatal casualty was soon to sober them down.

Horsea Loch was a sheltered stretch of water in a corner of Portsmouth harbour. Trough-shaped and nowhere deeper than thirty feet, it was an ideal place for training. On a fine day in the first week of June, Lieutenant Brownrigg, R.N.V.R., vanished beneath its surface on a routine dive. All went normally for a few minutes, then Brownrigg's attendant reported that the life-line had come free. This caused no alarm, for the diver was quite capable of surfacing under his own power. Still, precautionary underwater signals were made telling Brownrigg to surface. They were unheeded. Anxiety grew as time ran out; volunteers who went down to explore the bottom of the loch found nothing. It was not till late in the evening that a team of helmet divers recovered the body.

What had happened? Nobody knew for certain. But it was thought that Brownrigg had given himself either too much or not enough oxygen. In either case he had quickly been overcome. The drama of this accident lay in its lack of it. A man had died in shallow water, in daylight, and under perfect conditions. The task of entering a strange, hostile harbour at night, in possibly foul weather and far from all communication with base, was not going to be so easy as some of the charioteers imagined.

Underwater Training Ordeal

It was a squad of thirty serious and determined men who left Portsmouth shortly after Brownrigg's death. Their destination was the Clyde; there they joined the depot ship Titania, which took them to Lake Erisort in the Outer Hebrides. The new base, known as "Port D," was not far from Stornoway in the Island of Lewis. In that wild and deserted place final training was to begin.

Although valuable experience had been gained at Portsmouth with the help of "Cassidy"—the nickname given to the wooden model of a torpedo in which crews had been towed about by a motor-boat in Horsea Loch—the delivery of the first real, operational chariot was awaited with impatience. Meanwhile, Commander Fell concentrated on keeping his men for increasing periods under water. He knew that there could be no hope of success against the enemy until the ghastly distress of driving a sensitive machine under exhausting pressures of water had become second nature to the charioteers.

From its inception, training had been based on the idea that the only way to make a diver forget that he was miserable, cold and wet in an alien and dangerous element was to keep him in that state as often as possible. Discomfort, and not the thought of danger, was the diver's bugbear. The lesson was brought home to Fell every time he watched his men strip off their suits after an underwater run in Cassidy. With noses puffed and raw after hours of constriction by the clips; with cheeks and foreheads bruised by the pressure of the hood, with hands lacerated and sodden with cold, and lips that hardly closed over red and swollen gums, they looked like men who had been put to the torture. And torture indeed it was as circulation returned to the frozen limbs.

While "Cassidy" was being ridden through the depths of Loch Erisort under the patient direction of "Tiny" Fell, Sladen was impatient at Portsmouth. There his energies were divided between training the latest recruits, and slashing the nets of red tape which were impeding the urgent delivery of the first authentic torpedo. It was a silent warfare with ministries and manufacturers, and no hint of Sladen's progress leaked out to his anxiously waiting crews. For secrecy, as for all things, Sladen was a fanatic. When one of his charioteers fell ill with acute appendicitis while on leave, he ordered two others to wait by the bedside. Anaesthetic can loosen a tongue, and Sladen was taking no risks. In this case, fortunately, the patient coming out of the ether talked the usual nonsense without mentioning the chariots or what they implied.

At last, in early June, the first torpedo was delivered. Christened the "Real One," it arrived in several packing cases and was assembled with elaborate precautions behind canvas screens erected in a floating dock near Fort Blockhouse. After the experts had pronounced themselves satisfied, it was taken to Horsea Loch.

The "Real One's" baptism was to be entrusted to Sub-Lieutenant Pat Grant and Stoker Petty Officer Warren, two of Sladen's most experienced charioteers, who had stayed behind at Portsmouth with Chief Petty Officer Jack Passey to help with the instruction of new recruits.

No One Argued With Sladen

To Grant and Warren, after long acquaintance with the wooden model, the "Real One," with its gleaming casing and winking dials, looked like a thoroughbred replacing a clothes horse. Final tests were made. The pumps were run; hydroplane and rudder answered instantly; the high pressure bottles were found to be full. The "Real One" was perfect; the thought of riding her filled Grant and Warren with excitement. They reckoned without Sladen.

"Get dressed, Warren. And Passey, get me into a suit."

It was typical of the man, but not everyone was quite happy about his decision. He had used the equipment and breathing apparatus a bare half dozen times. But no one ever argued with Sladen, and after he had prised his enormous frame into the suit, he and Warren climbed astride the "Real One" and drove it slowly to the middle of the loch.

Sitting in front as Number One, Sladen released the air and the torpedo sank to the bottom. Once there, the two men dismounted and set about the trim. Trimming the chariot needed nice judgment. The ideal was a pure neutral buoyancy, which meant that the mass of men and machine offset perfectly the pressure of the water. Thus trimmed, the chariot could manoeuvre on an even keel without adjustment.

Test Gave Valuable Hint

In effect, Sladen and Warren discovered that it was best to trim the divers slightly negative—a tendency to sink—and the machine slightly positive—a tendency to rise. After this valuable discovery, Sladen and Warren surfaced and returned to shore. The test had been impressively successful.

Later, with Warren at the controls and Grant behind him, the torpedo was given further trials. Again she behaved so perfectly that Warren, as he dived and surfaced round Horsea Loch, began to think there was no submarine task that he and the "Real One" could not tackle. An hour later his confidence nearly cost him his life.

After the last run of the afternoon, as he drove the chariot to the shore, Warren turned round to look at Passey, who was in the motor-boat behind him. A second later, unconscious, he

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THE AUTHORS

IT WAS Admiral Sir Max Horton—a submarine hero of the first World War—who inspired Charles Warren and James Benson to write *Above Us The Waves*. The little-known story of Britain's human torpedoes and midget submarines deserved to be told, he said. As secretaries of Twelfth Submarine Flotilla Association, the authors set to work. Their stirring book—taken from first-hand accounts and official records—is the result of eighteen months' research.

CHARLES WARREN was in the first team to ride a human torpedo. Before joining the charioteers, he had served six years in submarines—and two years as a secret agent in Central Europe. To his regret, a diving injury to his lung prevented him from going on operations and he was invalided out. He now works for the diving engineering firm of Siebe Gorman. He is forty-one, married and has a son and a daughter. He lives at Bickley, Kent.

JAMES BENSON was eighteen when he joined midget submarines. In a year he rose to command his own boat, XE 8. After the war he returned to Cambridge for his degree and later joined Kemsley Newspapers. Still an active diver, he has taken part in experiments with underwater photography and beach survey diving for Admiralty Research Laboratories. He is twenty-seven and married—like Warren, to a former nurse—and lives in London.

Thief in the night

by ***GUY PELHAM BOULTON***

ILLUSTRATED BY WINTON

He was cold, wet and hungry—how could you turn him away? Mrs. Batson didn't even try

IT WAS STILL an effort for Mr. Batson, who was a creature of habit, to get off the bus at the top of Sloane Street. He had lived for so long in South Kensington, London, that to continue the homeward journey as far as Gloucester Road had become second nature to him.

But the increasing prosperity of what had started as a very small jewellery business in Gerrard Street had seemed to justify the change of his private address to a more resplendent neighbourhood. Such, in any case, had been the opinion of Mrs. Batson.

"James," she said one morning, "how much longer are we going on living in this poky little flat?"

Until then, Mr. Batson had never looked upon his flat as poky. Experience, however, had taught him not to argue with his wife, and within a short time they were installed comfortably in Cadogan Row. But for several weeks afterwards he would often absent-mindedly overshoot his new bus-stop, and find himself being swiftly carried down the Brompton Road.

On this particular evening, however, he was not absent-minded. He was, in fact, extremely alert. In his pocket he carried a small parcel of unset stones to be shown to an important customer before going to business next morning.

He was, of course, quite used to carrying valuable stones but he never liked to dawdle when doing so. And he was late already.

His new home was no more than a couple of hundred yards from the bus-stop. As he stepped on to the pavement, he turned up the collar of his coat and opened his umbrella, for it was a wild night.

Few pedestrians were about, but Mr. Batson did notice one man. He noticed him because he looked so very wet and so very cold. He was standing at the corner under a street lamp, and seemed in a state of indecision. As Mr. Batson drew level with him, the man stepped forward.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but could you

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The man suddenly sagged at the knees and sat down. Leaning over him, Mrs. Batson said: "Get the brandy, James." But Mr. Batson was uneasy

A cameraman gets instructions from Castleton Knight (left). For the Coronation, he told each of them when and how much they must shoot

An early Castleton Knight escapade: dressed as a Musketeer to publicise a film. Luring people into cinemas has been his life's work

Hustler behind the films of great occasions

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

Battling in the tough world of newsreels showed Castleton Knight the way to his greatest triumph—his Coronation film

A FEW DAYS after the Coronation, attendants at London's Leicester Square Odeon cinema noticed a marked decline in smoking. For a considerable part of the film then showing, there was a dearth of cigarette lighting in all parts of the 2,700-seat cinema. The phenomenon was reported to the producer of the film concerned, and he made three separate visits to study the audience's self-imposed ban on smoking.

"It was impressive," says Castleton Knight, who produced the Technicolor Coronation feature, *A Queen Is Crowned*. "Not one cigarette was lighted during the entire screening of the Abbey ceremony. Only when the cameras moved outside for the procession did the patrons start smoking again."

Knight, now a mellow fifty-three, with forty hectic and sometimes ruthlessly competitive years as a showman behind him, regards audience reaction as the barometer of success. *A Queen Is Crowned* has had almost fulsome praise from reviewers, and Knight's employers, the J. Arthur Rank Organization, paid it the compliment of spending an estimated £300,000 on additional copies, plus a further £100,000 to fly them all over the world. However, what most impressed Knight were the reports from cinema managers. German, Italian and Japanese audiences were particularly enthusiastic. In Germany, the Rank Organization had to supply extra prints; cinema owners who had booked the film for one week refused to surrender the reels because they wanted to extend the run.

He Led From The Start

As Rank's top newsreel man, Knight turns out two newsreels a week under the Gaumont British and Universal imprint. Feature documentaries like *A Queen Is Crowned* are an additional responsibility, and he still finds time to undertake extra tasks like that of adviser to the Royal River Pageant.

A short, grey-haired figure with heavy black eyebrows and dark horn-rimmed spectacles, Knight earns more than grudging respect from his rivals. "Let's face it," said one of his competitors recently, "Castleton Knight *did* get started first on a Coronation film."

It was a fast start. On February 6, 1952, Knight was seated behind his Wardour Street desk. As usual, it was littered with papers, schedules and cans of film. Within easy reach were a bottle of milk, four telephones, an inter-office communication set, and a radio and television receiver. At ten forty-five that morning the tape machine in the next room tapped out the news of King George VI's death. The message was ripped off the machine and placed in front of Knight.

"The thought went through my head," Knight recalls, "The King is dead, Long Live the Queen. Four minutes later, I picked up the telephone and asked for the head office of the Technicolor company."

Technicolor Limited claim to photograph and process ninety per cent of the colour films made in Britain. When he got through, Knight first told them the news of the King's death. "I remember," he says, "I had some trouble in persuading them that it was true. Then I asked for the exclusive use of every Technicolor camera in Europe. They said: 'For the King's funeral?' I replied: 'No. For the Queen's Coronation, whenever it takes place.'"

Hints From Old Pictures

Having stolen a march on his competitors by booking all available Technicolor equipment, Knight started planning his film. He began by looking again at his black-and-white 1937 Coronation film and his colour record of the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. What he saw decided him to make the films available to officials of the Ministry of Works, the Earl Marshal's office and Westminster Abbey.

The gesture was not entirely disinterested. Knight had been unable to get sufficient lighting installed for the Royal wedding, and this had obvious effects on the quality of the colour film. Through the spring of 1953, Knight almost redesigned the interior of Westminster Abbey to suit the needs of photographers. He had architects' drawings made showing additions to the choir screen. The extra woodwork conformed to the style of the existing screen, and at the same time housed a cameraman.

Two months before the ceremony, Knight had in his hands a script written by Christopher Fry, the poet. A month later, Sir Laurence Olivier recorded the commentary. Both men came back after the Coronation to make last-minute additions after the film had been edited. One amendment dealt with Prince Charles. The exact time of the Prince's appearance in the Abbey was not known in advance; Knight guessed the time and had a camera ready.

Knight then had to organize the actual photography. The camera operators, all Technicolor employees, were invited to lunch at the Dorchester to meet other key people involved in the production. Christopher Fry made a speech, and Knight handed each photographer instructions. Each camera position was provided with a shooting script giving precise

Castleton Knight with Jean Simmons. A passion for realism led him to the newsreel field

orders on when and how much to shoot. "First shoot," began one script, "entry of Duke of Edinburgh. Time 11.21. Frame to your left. Shoot as he enters frame and take him to his chair. 11.25. Frame again to extreme left. Pick up three bishops. Let them pass through. Follow Queen to her chair."

Instructions were given on what lens to use, how many feet of film to shoot, when to reload, what to do in case of breakdown, and even what to wear. For cameramen inside the Abbey, Knight insisted on full morning dress. The crews outside were provided with blue blazers, white shirts, flannels—and a Coronation tie designed by Castleton Knight.

Like a good commanding officer, Knight inspected his crews in their positions early on the morning of Coronation Day. He had not been to bed since Sunday. There were a few last-minute crises. A TV camera took up four inches more than its allotted space and encroached by that amount on one of the Technicolor positions. Knight flew into action. "That four inches will cut thirty feet from the distance that camera can cover," he told a startled official. The four inches were recovered.

One Camera Broke Down

Although he was offered two seats in the Abbey, Knight preferred to make his headquarters in Westminster School. He took up his position there at 5 a.m. on Coronation Day and directed operations through a telephone switchboard, while following events through two television receivers. One camera did break down—the one on Queen Victoria's Memorial outside Buckingham Palace—but Knight had anticipated this, and an operator on the Palace itself covered up for the crippled camera.

By 3.30 p.m., Knight had shifted to Technicolor's laboratories and was watching the first results of the early morning shooting. From there he went to Denham to begin the task of cutting and editing. By midnight on Tuesday there were 52,000 feet of film to be inspected—approximately nine hours' work. The completed film is about eight thousand feet long, and most of the work of reducing it to this length was done by Knight and his editor, Roy Drew. By Friday morning they had a complete colour print ready to show the censor.

The first time Knight saw his finished product was at a press showing at 5 p.m. on Friday. He then went to bed in his Bedford Park flat and had to be roused by his staff to get to the formal opening at eight o'clock. During the London run, he kept going back to watch how audiences reacted.

Kidnapped Charlie Chaplin

Studying cinema patrons has been Knight's major preoccupation since July 29, 1913, when he was hired as a theatre office-boy. Luring people into cinemas became his life work, and to this end he has handed out racing tips, directed films and, at one stage, kidnapped Charlie Chaplin.

Knight perpetrated the Chaplin affair thirty years ago to draw attention to the Majestic Cinema, Clapham. He planned the operation with the same degree of detail that went into his Coronation film. It was Chaplin's first return visit to Britain since making his name in Hollywood. Knight, the young cinema manager, invited the comedian to make a personal appearance at Clapham. Chaplin, who had an invitation to No. 10 Downing Street, declined.

Chaplin's plans called for him to land at Croydon. Knight hired a chauffeur's uniform, stuck on a false moustache and borrowed a large limousine that he could not start at first. Even when the car was going, he found it difficult to change gear. This did not deter the young showman. At Croydon, he bamboozled the official car hire agency into believing that Chaplin had changed his plans and was arriving by train. One of Knight's friends helped the impostor to establish his identity as "Chaplin's official chauffeur." An obliging police inspector was taken in by the pose, and became an unwitting accomplice by handing Chaplin's party into Knight's car.

"Surely," said Chaplin, after they had left the airport, "this isn't the way to Downing Street?"

"Sorry, sir," muttered Knight, "the main road is up."

At Clapham, Knight drew up outside his cinema, left the wheel and jumped in the back with his distinguished passenger. Removing his moustache, he announced, "I am Castleton Knight, manager of the Majestic."

Chaplin, who would not have recognized his captor, with or without his moustache, did not know what to make of the incident. Finally he took the stunt in good part, and agreed to make an appearance inside the cinema.

First Film Was Home-made

While managing a West End cinema, Knight made his first film at home. He used a child's scooter as a mount for his camera and, in addition to directing the picture, acted most of the parts. The subject was a fantasy built around Rachmaninoff's Prelude in E Sharp Minor. It began with a man in a coffin—Castleton Knight—showed him going to the lower regions, where the scenes were shot in the frame of a man's eye—Knight's left eye. The inferno shots were principally of scantily draped women pursued by a man. "That was me, of course," Knight says.

His passion for realism eventually led him into the newsreel field. He went to Gaumont British in 1933, a period when rivalry among the different companies was at a peak. It was the aim of every newsreel chief to secure exclusive rights to photograph events like Cup Finals, Grand Nationals or Test matches.

Cameramen, whose employers had failed to get exclusive rights, would try to sneak into a racecourse with their equipment hidden under bulky raincoats. Others might find commanding positions outside the sports ground and photograph the event with telescopic lenses. On one occasion, Knight, who had paid a large sum for rights at Lord's Cricket Ground, discovered that his rivals were shooting the match from neighbouring windows. To thwart these interlopers, he called for mirrors and reflectors and used them to blind the opposition cameras.

At Wembley, when the bidding for exclusive rights forced the price to a point Knight and the other newsreel companies thought too high, Gaumont British covered a Cup Final by hiring a fleet of helicopters for their photographers.

His ability to record events took Knight back into full-length films just after the war, when he produced a picture about Arnhem—*Theirs Is The Glory*. Making this film strengthened Knight's conviction that films are the modern way of recording history.

Report That Pleased Him

He went on from there to record for posterity the Royal wedding and the 1948 Olympics. When the Coronation came along, Knight found ready listeners for his theory of history in both the Earl Marshal and the Minister of Works.

However, though Knight is a convinced believer in the historical mission of the film industry, that does not mean he has forgotten the contemporary cinema patron. That is why, when one of his colleagues wanted to please Knight, he rushed in with a probably apocryphal account of how a Hollywood audience reacted to *A Queen Is Crowned*. "Everyone came out of the cinema saying it was colossal," Knight was told. "All except Cecil B. de Mille. He came out with his head bowed."

Knight liked that. THE END

Alec looked round. Mick had stopped chewing and was staring at him watchfully. "Don't try to kiss me, Alec," Jill warned. "He won't like it"

To court a kangaroo

by JON CLEARY

He didn't mind competition; Jill was worth competing for. But how did you court a girl with such a chaperone—a jealous kangaroo?

ALEC GRAY PRESSED THE BELL, and the door was opened by a kangaroo. It looked him up and down, wiped a paw across its nose, then shook its head and shut the door.

Alec was a phlegmatic young man, but this time he felt considerably shaken. He turned away and walked back down the path, wondering how a non-drinker could have such hallucinations. He had reached the front gate when a voice behind him called, "Did you want some-thing?"

A talking kangaroo, he thought in amazement, and turned round. But the kangaroo had disappeared and in its place in the doorway stood a well-curved redhead in shorts and a halter-top. Alec, a former Oxford wing-threequarter, went back up the path as if he were racing for the winning try.

"I'm Alec Gray. I'm answering the advertisement for room and board you had in the paper this morning."

"Won't you come in?" said the redhead in tones as smoky as her eyes.

Alec made his way round the curves into the house, and she smiled up at him.

"You're English, aren't you?"

"Yes," Alec said. "I'm out here to study Pacific affairs at Sydney University."

"I'm Jill Dombert. And this is Mick." Alec looked around, then noticed the kangaroo standing in front of a large radio cabinet, tapping its tail as if impatient for something. "He loves music. I hope you don't mind pets in the house, Mr. Gray?"

"Not at all," said Alec, who had never so much as owned a pet mouse.

Jill switched on the radio, then said, "I'll show you the room."

As they went out of the living-room, Alec noticed the kangaroo leaning forward towards the radio, a rapt look in his eyes and his tail beating some sort of time to a popular song. They went down a hall and turned into a room that instantly appealed to Alec, big, well-lit from a large picture window and furnished just

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT R.I.

the way a man would want it. Only there was a man asleep on the bed.

"Dad!" Jill yelled, and the man struggled up, fists raised in front of his face and his eyes blinking like a man who had just beaten the count. "How many times have I told you to stay off that bed?"

Dad Dombert lowered his fists. He was a nuggety, bald-headed man with faint wisps of red hair on the outskirts of his skull and a face that must have seen better days. He looked up at Alec and croaked, "You the new boarder? You're getting a bargain, son. This is the best bed in the house."

"I'll take it," Alec said.

"You don't want to discuss the rent?" Jill said.

Alec looked round the room, then back at Jill. "No. Like your father says, I've got a bargain."

He moved in right away. The bed lived up to Dad Dombert's recommendation of it and Alec slept like a newborn babe. His rest was only disturbed by Mick, the kangaroo, tapping on his window at five thirty in the morning and peering in like a member of some secret police force. A few minutes later Dad Dombert and Jill went past the window dressed in shorts and sweaters. Alec decided he had been dreaming and went back to sleep.

When he came out for breakfast at eight o'clock, Jill and her father were already at the table.

"I dreamt I saw you trotting off for a run at five thirty this morning," Alec said.

"We were," said Jill. "Dad, Mick and I do three miles every morning. Dad believes exercise is the best way of keeping healthy."

"Too right," said Dad Dombert. "Ever done any boxing, Mr. Brown?"

"Gray is the name," said Alec. "Yes, I did some while I was at Oxford."

"Oxford, eh? That a good gym?"

"Oxford is a university, Dad," said Jill.

"Oh, a university boxer?" Dad Dombert looked at Alec, then faced down and attacked a second helping of sausages. Alec felt he had just been thrown out of the human race.

He had just begun to eat when he was conscious of another presence close behind him. With sausage half way to his mouth, he stopped and looked round. Leaning on the back of his chair, munching on some leaves and giving him the secret police look, was Mick.

"Does he like me?" Alec said to Jill.

"I don't know," Jill said in a voice that hinted she did know. "You see, he's not very keen on men. Or women and children, for that matter."

"Never saw such a stuck-up kangaroo in all me born days," said Dad Dombert, and bit savagely on a sausage.

"That's because you don't try to humour him," said Jill.

"Humour him?" said her father. "Who has the best chair in the house? Who gets the first choice on the radio? Who answers the door when someone asks for the master of the house?" He looked at Alec. "Only thing in his favour, he's the best damn' boxing kangaroo I ever seen. You like to have a round or two with him later?"

Alec had another look at Mick, then said, "I don't think so. I'll stick to boxing humans. They know what you mean when you throw in the towel."

"You ever thrown in the towel?" said Dad Dombert.

"Once," said Alec. "The other fellow was too good for me."

"Was never beaten, myself," said Dad Dombert. "Fought the best of 'em back in the twenties."

"You'll have to tell me about your fights," Alec said.

"He will," said Jill.

After breakfast Jill offered to drive Alec into town to pick up his luggage. Mick went with them, riding in the back of the car and waving at the people they passed like a potentate out for a drive among the peasants.

"I'm glad you took the room," Jill said. "I'd given up hope. Fourteen people looked at it before you, and all of them turned it down."

"Why?" said Alec, wondering if the fourteen other callers had been men and had seen Jill in shorts.

"Because of Mick," said Jill. "I love him dearly, of course, but I've lost two fiancés because of him, and several others who were near-fiancés."

"Have you a fiancé or a near-fiancé now?" Alec said.

"No," said Jill. "Oh, there's Roger Tearwell, but I don't know whether he's interested in me or Mick. He thinks the world of Mick."

That evening, after dinner, Alec retired to his room for some preliminary study: he was due to start at the university tomorrow. He was just perusing the Japanese peace treaty when war broke out somewhere at the front of the house. He leapt to his feet, dragged open his door and sprinted down to the living-room, which seemed to be the centre of the bombardment.

Jill and her father were sitting quietly in their chairs, Jill doing some tatting and Dad Dombert deep in a copy of *Boxing Notes*. The room seemed to bulge with sound, a wild tattoo that was coming from the radio, before which Mick was standing, his tail tapping madly and his eyes blazing with the same light that Alec had seen in the eyes of drunken drummers.

Jill patted him on the rump and smiled at Alec. "'Tiger Rag,'" she said. "He loves any of the good old-time stuff."

"Evidently," said Alec.

Then Roger Tearwell arrived. There was the sound of a tooting car-horn, the rush of feet up the front path, a furious ringing at the doorbell, then the door burst open and there was Roger. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! How's the health and wealth, eh? God, what a wonderful day it's been! Makes a man wish he were twins!" He roared with laughter at this witticism, then leapt across the room and slapped Mick on the back. "How's my mate, eh? How's this bloodthirsty world look to a vegetarian, eh?"

Mick, who evidently shared the world's taste for blood, turned and tried to bite Roger, but the latter just let out another roar of laughter and turned to face the room.

"Hallo, Rog," said Jill. "This is Alec Gray, from England."

"The new boarder, eh?" Roger was a big young man, one might almost say huge, and his voice was suited to his size. It seemed to come out in great gusts, as if it were being pumped by hand from somewhere down below. "Well, what do you think of Australia, eh?"

Alec smiled. "I'm going to feel at home, I think."

"That's the stuff!" bellowed Roger, and swung a hand that almost knocked Dad Dombert out of his chair. "We're all brothers under the skin, aren't we, Dad?"

Dad Dombert glared up. "Hallo, when did you arrive?"

Roger laughed again, then flung himself backwards on to the arm of Jill's chair. He patted her knee, winked at her, then looked up at Alec. "What do you think of our girls, eh?"

"Just like the girls at home," Alec said. "I tell you, I'm feeling right at home already."

Roger looked up sharply, glanced sideways at Jill, then looked back at Alec. It was suddenly apparent to Alec that for all Roger's interest in Mick, he was not disinterested in Jill.

Next day, Alec started at the university. But only half of him could concentrate on Pacific affairs. At every break period during the day he found himself thinking of Jill, and wondering what she saw in that Roger chap and how she would react if the boarder asked her to go out with him.

When she opened the door that evening, looking cool and beautiful in green linen, Alec

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Alec hit him like a whirlwind: it was a beautiful flying tackle. Roger fell flat on his face

For the holidaymaker, fascination; for the fisherman, vanished glory: the harbour of St. Ives, where fishing boats have dwindled from a hundred to six

Students at work in the mining school at Camborne—a name that still arouses echoes in many remote corners of a far-flung metalliferous empire

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN: Harry Hopkins reports from Cornwall

OUR FAR WEST SURRENDERS TO A SUN-SUIT INVASION

Once it was tin and fish, and a proud aloofness. The Cornish were kings, and all the rest were foreigners. Now it's tourists, factories and flowers, and what looks like being the final assault

I DROVE INTO THE TOWNSHIP of St. Day at noon. It was an uncanny experience, like straying on to the set of a period film after the actors had gone home for the night. The town was solid and complete enough, a perfect miniature, with the long granite terraces of workers' houses, the dignified villas of the old mine captains, with elegant Georgian porticos, the memorial clock tower, and the two streets of shops with their small-paned windows, where forlorn little piles of soap tablets or aspirins gathered the dust.

Yet the place seemed empty. A grave-like silence lay over the streets. The stuffed seagull in its glass case in the Gull Café gazed unblinkingly towards the formidable display of corsets apparently petrified in the windows of Blake's Millinery and Drapery next door. WILL CHRIST COME AGAIN? demanded a scarlet-lettered poster in the half-empty window down the street.

Then, in the slate-fronted row of houses round the square, a door opened and an old man came out of the doctor's surgery, clutching a medicine bottle. Faintly, from the school playground at the far end of the town, came the cries of children at play. When night came, the buses would bring the workers of St. Day back from their jobs in the booming ship repair yards at Falmouth or at Holman's in Camborne. Until then, the town belonged to the old, to the housewives, to the children—and to the ghosts of its rip-roaring past.

A Centre Of The World

To evoke the ghosts it is enough to stand for a few moments in the school yard, looking across the smooth green slopes of the Carnon valley as it falls away to the river and the sea. Each beside its gaping engine-house, the gaunt old mine chimneys—"Cornish castles"—heavy stone at the bottom, tapering brick at the top, brood over the scene, unobtrusive, yet haunting, silent sentinels mounting guard over the vanished splendours of the duchy's past.

There was the "United," a mighty copper mine in its day; there was the far-famed Poldice; and there was Killifreth and, beyond again, Wheal Busy. When smoke came from those chimneys, and the great Cornish engines wheezed and clattered in those castle-like engine-houses, this rich valley was not an obscure bit of Britain's Far West. It was one of the centres of the world, which drew half its copper and much of its tin from Cornwall.

Then copper was found in great richness in South America, and in Malaya the great grey dredges were put to work, turning out more tin in one hour than the old Cornish miner, sweating underground, could win in a year. And St. Day, which, before the Reformation, had enjoyed a thriving existence as a staging-post for pilgrims on their way to St. Michael's Mount, died again. Ivy grew up the mine chimneys and yellow gorse flamed about the old engine-houses, and at length the grass grew over the old mine workings, and the old miners put up walls, enclosing small farms where Guernsey cows can now be seen amiably grazing. But, to this day, if you plough the ground, in many places the vegetation will wither and die—for arsenic was mined in this valley, as well as tin and copper.

Eighty years or so ago there were sixteen public houses doing a roaring business in St. Day; now there are two, and much of their custom, I was told, comes from fugitive drinkers arriving by car to escape, in this ghost town, the censorious eyes of their own neighbourhoods. And Mr. Blewett, St. Day's retired schoolmaster, and a great man for social surveys, has discovered that the workers of St. Day travel each year on foot, bicycle or by bus, 400,000 miles on their way to and from their jobs in other places. Furthermore, he has constructed a graph clearly demonstrating that forty-five per cent of the rising young men of St. Day have shaken the dust of the town off their feet by the time they are twenty-four.

So the old folk are left to their memories. And what memories! Memories of the days when the streets of St. Day seethed with "adventurers"—partners in the small mining ventures proliferating on every Cornish hillside; when "tributers"—the miners who followed the ore for a cut of the yield—spun their yarns at the corners, and rumours of new strikes sent stirring once again the heady dreams of great fortune that lay at every true Cornishman's heart. Every Friday, at Tabbs Hotel in Redruth (now converted to flats), the ore from the mines was sold at the "ticketings," each smelter writing his bid on a slip which went up to the chairman—who was the boss of the mine with most ore in this strange, silent auction.

Fervour Piled On Fever

Great days! No wonder so many Cornishmen seem just a little reluctant to emerge into the meagre and pedestrian light of the mere present. To the speculative fever was added the evangelical fervour of Wesleyanism; the gleam of salvation as well as the glitter of gold caught up the Celtic spirit. An old Cornish mining captain, retired here after a lifetime running mines in a dozen far-off lands, told me how, when he was a young fellow in the mines here, a miner, stepping on to the "man-engine" which took him in a series of steps down the shaft, would often start up a hymn; then the next man, stepping on after him, would take up the tune, and the man after him, till the whole mine resounded from top to bottom, and the white-bonneted bal (mine) maidens, crushing and washing the ore at the "grass," would swell the sound with their fine women's voices.

In its heyday, St. Day was the great rival of Redruth, a couple of miles away down the hill, and the Redruth men and the St. Day men often clashed in bloody combat, cheered on by their women. So it is ironical, perhaps, that in its decline St. Day has been joined with Redruth in the Camborne-Redruth Urban District, although the change when it came brought substantial benefits. Until 1945, the citizens of St. Day had to buy their drinking water from an old man who brought it round from house to house with a pony and cart (as their neighbours in Chacewater still have to do). But now the water is laid on; there is electricity; and one day there will even be main sewerage.

The combined urban district of Camborne-Redruth, itself a symbol of the shrinkage of this Far Western world, is strung along a series of undulations in the main road that runs westwards from Truro to Land's End, forty miles or so away. There is Redruth, with its long, narrow shopping-street clinging to its precipitous hillside and, just behind, the little grey house

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Man who knows his luck: Wilfred Saare in his garden, vanning for tin ore. For him, there's a living to be picked up along the seashore

Cornwall of yesterday: Joe Cremin at work on granite—now largely replaced by concrete

Cornwall of the day before: the South Crofty mine, one of only four which are still working

Cornwall of today, where flowers are one of the industries taking over from tin and copper

which Willie Murdoch, the homespun Scots engineer who married a Redruth girl, lit by coal gas manufactured in his own backyard in 1792; there is Pool, with its grim, grey, granite cottages, and, occupying yet another undulation, Tuckingmill, where another wall tablet commemorates the invention of the safety fuse by William Bickford in 1831. And then Camborne itself, a low-slung, friendly, grey stone town, with a long main street that slopes gently downwards from the "Foundry" and the pillared façade of the Methodist Centenary Chapel at its head.

A Feeling Of Remoteness

To the south of the motor road, as it switchbacks between Redruth at one end and Camborne at the other, rise the steep, heathery sides of Carn Brea, with its great hollow cross crowning the summit, returning always to view; and then, behind, among the flaming gorse and the sombre old mine chimneys, as this great granite mass rises to yet farther heights, there are places where one can stand and look from sea to sea, from Atlantic to Channel.

On its other side, the land falls away from the road in a rolling ground's swell. And there are moments, especially in the early evening, when the yellowing light flares out from behind the grassy ridges as in a diorama, when one has the feeling of reaching the end of things, the feeling of remoteness that comes at times as the train chugs into the Scottish Highlands.

In fact, the real Cornwall still is remote, and it is a remoteness not only of Space but of Time. In Camborne's public library I found an enormous two-volume Pictorial Family Bible nestling, for quick reference, beside the Kelly's directories on the convenient shelf just inside the door. Outside hung a large yellowing portrait of a group of Camborne's Heroes of the Boer War, moustached and Wolseley-helmeted.

Many of the well-known multiple firms, whose familiar façades now spread across the land, have either not yet discovered, or chosen to ignore, the town of Redruth, their absence giving the place a strangely "forgotten" air. And when Woolworth's first arrived in Camborne, the event was so sensational that a special train—locally called the "Woolworth train"—was put on to bring in shoppers from neighbouring towns.

Mine That Made Millions

To the younger generation such "backwardness" may be irksome; their elders are not conscious of it—for them the past does not cease to live because it was yesterday. "You know, Dolcoath was just under here," a housewife assured me, as she gave me directions in the streets of Camborne. Dolcoath, richest and deepest of the Cornish mines, in two hundred years yielded tin and copper worth £6 million, and "Deep as Dolcoath" is a local saying.

There are still two tin mine workers left in the mining town of St. Day. Carson Mills looks after the pumps underground at South Crofty, which lies near the old Dolcoath mine, between Redruth and Camborne. James Downing, who lives just round the corner and down the street from Mills, is a miner, still bringing the hard ore to grass. But, in this land of born miners, Poles and Italians have had to be brought in to keep the mine going. Besides South Crofty, only three mines in all Cornwall are working.

But there are still Cornishmen ready to stake their reputations on the future of Cornish tin. Step into the surveyor's office at South Crofty, and Jack Trounson, chairman of the Cornish Mining Development Association—formed several years ago to revive the moribund industry—will harangue you by the hour with true Celtic eloquence on the folly of Whitehall civil servants and the stupidity of politicians in their neglect of Cornwall's still vast resources. "England," he cries, "is a metalliferous island!" And goes on to tell of the foolishness of politicians who risked men's lives running arsenic by fast motorboat from Norway during the war, when all the time Cornwall was overflowing with arsenic, had they only been given the time to get it.

But neglect is cumulative—and the neglect of Cornwall's once humming mines after the discovery of cheap alluvial tin in Malaya has been as complete as our neglect of British farming after the opening up of the great wheat plains of the New World—and maybe as shortsighted.

Though the price of tin rises to new heights, and though rich tin lodes still lie unexploited in Cornwall, the capital cost of restarting is now formidable indeed. Flooded by the closing down of its great neighbours, South Crofty has such a heavy pumping problem that it has not paid a dividend for years. But Geevor, near Land's End, made nearly £500,000 profit in two years of the Korean war boom (when tin touched £1,500 a ton) and is now modernizing and re-equipping. Most promising portent of all, a few more Cornish miners are once again returning to the Cornish mines.

Pasty Fitted The Pocket

The Cornish pasty, someone assured me, originally came into existence as a ready-packed lunch for the Cornish miner, and its shape was devised to fit snugly into his pocket so that it would not get broken on his long descent down the ladders to his working-place at the lode. Certainly, if little tin and less copper come out of Cornwall these days, in a thousand ways the mark of the duchy's centuries of mining history is set deep upon Cornish life and character.

Take a look, some time, at the towering, dark granite cliff of St. Agnes Head, as it thrusts out into the Atlantic. It is as full of small holes as a piece of old, worm-eaten ship's timber. They are the "Old Men's" holes—the Old Men who went crawling in there, centuries ago, getting out the tin, following the serpentine lodes, those fabulous and tireless ancients whose name crops up whenever two or three old miners gather together.

St. Paul himself, they say, came here from the Mediterranean to buy tin from Creegbrawse mine, near St. Day. Certainly the Romans came here for the tin to make their coinage. Ingots stamped with Roman ciphers and helmeted Roman heads have been turned up by farmers' ploughs or dredged from Cornish harbours.

And if, as the history books say, the Saxon invaders pushed the Celtic inhabitants down into this remote and rocky promontory, at least they found some compensation there. They lived their own life; they even gained a sort of Home Rule. So valuable was their tin that they were exempted from the King's taxes and from the church's tithes. They were Cornish—and Cornishmen, a Redruth shopkeeper told me, are real Englishmen: the others are foreigners.

Even when the mines began to close, the miners remained, tough men, kindly and upstanding, men of vast resource and the "sixth sense" of the old tributer who could follow the lode to the end; men in demand wherever metal was being mined in the world. A dozen times, men not yet old, talking of their boyhood, told me how you could go along to Redruth or Camborne railway station any Friday night and find there fifty Cornish miners leaving for Africa, South America, Australia and other remote parts—and fifty more coming back.

World's Money Came In

There was a "Cousin Jack's Corner" in Johannesburg, and a Cornish foreman in Bolivia or Chile taking on new miners would have a good chance of finding men from his own village. More money came into Cornwall from Cousin Jacks and Cousin Jeannies overseas in those days than was being made in Cornwall itself. And when, not so long ago, in the Hollinger Gold Mine in Ontario, a cage crashed to the foot of the shaft, it was duly noted in Cornwall

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They watched the young man approach, his kilt swirling. He was devilish handsome, Digby noted. What, he wondered, did this man mean to Fiona?

DIGBY

by DAVID WALKER

A Highland feud in this year of grace? Crazy, romantic, wonderful! Digby was enthralled. All this, he thought—all this, and Fiona too!

THE PRESIDENT of the Ross Corporation of America, Digby P. Ross, needed a holiday. At forty-one, nerves and overwork were making him lose his grip. Fancy letting fly at his secretary like that yesterday: poor, devoted, bespectacled Miss Prendergast! Better apologize and buy her a present—say, a nice little emerald brooch. . . .

Somehow, he'd got to snap out of this depression. He'd tried three days at his fishing camp in New Brunswick, with blunt old Jake Doon, the game warden. No good. He'd tried drink. No good. He'd tried to get back on the old romantic footing with his wife Madeleine. No good. Madeleine was too busy with her darned committees for helping long-haired writers and painters. Besides, she'd found out about Miss Prendergast's brooch and drawn quite the wrong conclusions. They'd had a blazing row and she'd threatened to leave him.

Yes, he needed a complete change. Recently he'd come across a book called *Highland Days*. It had put an idea into his head. Scotland! Of course! The country of his ancestors. Grouse, salmon, stags. He still had some distant relatives there. A guy called Galbraith who'd been in the Indian Army. . . .

With an exchange of cables it was all fixed up. Digby flew the Atlantic, and drove his own Cadillac up into the hills. It was rough going, through the most ferocious cattle he'd ever seen, but he was feeling better already.

When Digby met Colonel Galbraith, he wasn't sure he liked him. The colonel was small, with a sly heartiness and a tendency to bellow with laughter at other people's misfortunes; and he *would* keep calling him "Digby P." The colonel's excessively plain daughter Elspeth wasn't very impressive either.

And then, at Glendrogan, the Galbraiths' rambling house, Digby met the colonel's niece, Fiona Kilburnie—a strapping, auburn beauty with a contralto voice and eyes that said "Life is love." He had seen her for only one minute, but he knew with absolute certainty that she was for him.

He could not stop thinking about her as he unpacked in his chilly, uncomfortable bedroom. It's absurd, impossible, he told himself. Now he had lost his grip in a big way. . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

PART 2

Queen of the Highlands

He went downstairs, in the direction of the room where the colonel's voice and that other, wonderful voice sounded.

"I can always let it."

"My dear girl, you'll never let that great barn of a place, not on your life, not even to a rich Amer . . . oh, here's Digby P., clothed and in

his right mind. Help yourself to a chota peg, Ross." The colonel waved his hand at a tray of drinks.

Digby poured himself Scotch and soda. He glanced once at Miss Kilburnie, who reclined or lay in a deep arm-chair with whisky in her hand. Queen of the Highlands, voluptuous queen, unbearable. He looked away and sat down and pulled himself together. Elspeth was knitting a green sweater for Fiona, knitting so fast that Digby could see the thing grow in a clicking of needles and a flying of blunt fingers. She continued to knit until her father said: "Go and get dinner."

She went out of the room.

At dinner, Digby sat next to Fiona, feeling his right side hot and electric. He ate practically nothing; out of the corner of his eye he saw her tucking heartily into venison—from cold storage, the colonel explained. A lovely disturbing appetite of health and beauty.

"You eat like a horse, Fiona," said Galbraith.

"Don't be rude, Uncle Farquhar."

"Is your home near here?" Digby asked. He still did not know if she was Miss Kilburnie, or Lady or Duchess or Countess or Princess or what.

"Yes," pointing gracefully with her table knife across the valley to high hills in evening sunlight. "That's the beginning of Kilburnie land."

"Fifty thousand acres fit for nothing," Galbraith said.

"It's better'n yours, Uncle Farquhar," she snarled. "It's not just all plain bog."

"Fancy bog," said the awful colonel. "Everybody finished? Let's go outside. Wash up, Elspeth. We shall need you for croquet later."

The three of them sat on a wooden seat beside the croquet lawn. Digby was tired. He listened to grouse calling on the hill behind. What a sound of wild, untrammelled freedom.

"It's a night for the wee people," Fiona breathed as quietly as a secret.

"Don't forget you're shooting with me the day after tomorrow, Fiona. Digby P., can you shoot?"

"Not well."

"You're a modest chap. Said you couldn't fish, but you cast a fair line, not a bad line at all, in fact. I shall put you in the end butt. My invariable rule. Then you're less likely to kill somebody. I remember one time we were shooting Miss Jackson's Jheel near Delhi, and some Yankee tourist feller got wished on us. Know what he did? Shot his duck boy in the bare brown backside. Can you beat that? Ha, ha, ha!"

The colonel laughed immoderately with typical British callousness.

THE evening was still and the air heavy. A pigeon sat on an oak nearby. It cooed slumberously, then launched itself and climbed in a blatter of wings. Fiona sighed. The colonel puffed arrogant blue rings of cigar smoke one through the other. Digby lit a cigarette because of the midges.

Elspeth arrived from washing-up.

"Croquet," said the colonel. She went for mallets and balls. "Fiona, you and I will take the others on. I suppose you play, Digby P.?"

"Once upon a time," Digby said, remembering games on Long Island with his father, who used to say it was good practice in self-control.

The second game was nearly over when the sound of a light plane droned up. "Ah-hah," the colonel said. "Hark to that! The bold bad baron, I'll wager."

It was a blue monoplane, flying very low in the valley, turning this way.

"Who's that?" Digby asked.

"It's that stinker, Balgersho," spat Fiona. Her brown cheeks wore fiery patches. She threw her mallet away and stood with hands on hips, shoulders square, bosom heaving mountainous defiance. She did not hold the pose long, however, for the plane rose to a stall, much as the pigeon had done earlier, hovered, then dived with roaring engine at the croquet lawn. They lay down. "Bloody young fool!" screamed the colonel afterwards, sitting up and shaking his fist.

The plane did not come again. It made a circuit, sideslipped steeply and landed in the field below. A man got out while the propeller was still windmilling, walked across the field, vaulted the wall in a swirl of kilt and bare thigh and loped up the slope towards them. He was loose-limbed, his walk a male version of Fiona's lithe gait, but it was a very male version. He had a mop of jet-black hair and pale eyes. He was devilish handsome in open khaki shirt and old tweed jacket.

"I've warned you a dozen times," hissed the colonel, pale and mottled. "If you do that once more, Hamish, I'll shoot you down, I swear I will."

"I'm sorry, Colonel. Won't happen again, but I couldn't resist it when I spotted the chieftain herself. How are you, Queenie?" He pinched Fiona's cheek, whereupon she slapped him tempestuously. He fingered a reddening jaw. "Just the same old Eve, I see. Hullo, Elspeth. And who's this?"

"This is Digby P. Ross, my American cousin-in-law, just arrived today—Lord Balgersho."

"I'm delighted to meet you." He smiled with grace and charm. "Welcome to the Highlands."

Digby was pleased. "Do you fly a lot?"

"Whenever I can get juice. I picked up that old crate from war surplus. She's pretty well had it."

"Hamish is our local hero," said the colonel, seeming to say it seriously. "He shot down God knows how many Boche planes in the war. How many was it, Hamish?"

"Fifty-two. Some of those were sitting ducks, some weren't. Elspeth, may I get myself a glass of milk?"

Elspeth mumbled and went with him into the house.

"His morals may not be all that," the colonel said. "But Hamish is tough. D.S.O. and two bars, D.F.C. and two bars. They say he was the best fighter pilot we had. And I'll tell you an extraordinary thing about him, Digby P.—he never touches a drop of alcohol. Says he can't understand why anyone drinks the stuff. He's a remarkable young chap." Hero-worship from the colonel.

"He's a remarkable crook," Fiona said bitterly. "Like every other cursèd Tarr of Balgersho aye was."

"Your speech suffers under ancient passions, my dear."

"If he does anything to spoil the Gathering," she growled, "I'll kill him, I mean it. Now

They came out on to the moonlit roof. "Now kiss me again," she said. Digby took her in his arms

Colonel Galbraith was holding one hand to his face

and dancing and shouting in pain and fury. Digby came running up. He stared in horror at what he had done. "I'm—I'm terribly sorry," he said lamely

I'm going home. Thanks for dinner, Uncle Farquhar." She turned and strode in the direction of the front door.

Oh, no! Impossible! Please don't leave me! "What is the Gathering?" Digby asked to gain time, hurrying along beside her.

She stopped and faced him. "The Gathering of Clan Kilburnie," she said, touching her great brooch. "Our mid-century Gathering. From the four corners of the earth my clansmen will come to pay me homage." She recited the countries dreamily with her eyes veiled. "That'll be a braw day—massed pipers, dancing, games, the marching of the clan."

"I bet it'll be wonderful," Digby said. He could see the pilgrims in his mind's eye, each bearing the stamp of a far exile, each bending the knee to his chieftain, his queen, his Highland goddess.

"You can come," she said simply, staring at him. "Saturday week."

They walked across the gravel to her car. He held open the door.

"What make is it?" he asked, playing for time again.

"An Austin Seven 1929 model." And she added: "You're the nicest American I've met, Mr. Ross."

"I wish you'd call me Digby."

"Och, yes," she murmured. "Aechi-va, Digby. That means good night, Digby, in Gaelic." She rested an exquisite hand on his. She pressed the starter button. There was a click, but nothing happened. "Could you give me a wee push?"

Digby gave her a wee push to the beginning of the hill. The engine caught. She waved.

But here were the colonel and Lord Balgersho. "I say, what a wizard car," said the latter. "Yours, I suppose, old boy." He at once sat himself behind the wheel and fiddled. "I'd like to drive it sometime."

"Why, of course," Digby said, but he wished he had not brought the Cadillac. It stole his modest thunder. Except with Fiona, who hadn't even noticed it. *You're the nicest American I've met. Aechi-va Digby.*

Then he remembered the provisions in the trunk. He removed three wooden boxes and closed it again.

"A ham and a few groceries in this," he said to Elspeth. "I hope you can use them." And to the colonel: "Some Scotch whisky and our Bourbon. I thought perhaps you would like to try it, sir."

"Would I not! Here, take these in, Elspeth. We have a motor-house if you want to put the car away, Digby P., my bountiful friend."

"I'll show you," said Balgersho. "It's on my way. Mind if I drive?"

"Do," Digby said, sitting beside him.

Balgersho drove down through shrubberies in the gloaming. He was one of those people to whom strange cars are known by instinct.

They left the car in the garage.

"I'd better be quick," Balgersho said; but they strolled towards the field where a sheen of after-light showed on the wing of the plane. "What do you think of Fiona?"

What do I think of her? Wonderful, superb, marvellous epitome of womanhood, splendid, elemental? "I think she's quite attractive," Digby said. He didn't trust this guy an inch, but he liked him.

"You know why she hates my guts, don't you?" said Balgersho.

Plenty of reasons. "Is it some old feud?"

"You must have come through the Bloody

Continued on page 34

'Doc' Chipperfield's genius cures his animal stars

by DON EVERITT

Whether it's an elephant's toothache, or a lion's ingrowing claws, he treats his patients by simple methods—and a hunch

ONE MORNING, when Chipperfield's Circus was on its yearly summer tour of Britain, a keeper found a polar bear dancing wildly in its cage. Dick Chipperfield, "nurse" to the show's one hundred wild animals, promptly called in veterinary advice. The expert watched the bear rolling on its back and clawing at its face, and diagnosed a fit. It would have to take its course, he said.

When the vet left, Dick Chipperfield stayed watching the bear. Acting on a hunch, he had it roped and examined its mouth. Wedged in its palate, he found a knuckle bone from the previous evening's meal. With an elephant hook he prised the bone out—and the bear was cured.

Though he has never had academic training, Richard Chipperfield probably knows as much about the care of wild animals as anyone in Britain. An energetic man of forty-eight, with an expressive face and closely cropped grey hair, he was born in the family circus and has devoted all his working life to the welfare of its animals. In thirty-odd years he has dosed, injected, anaesthetized, bandaged, stitched or otherwise nursed everything from hippopotami and kangaroos to ostriches and pelicans.

"What Dick Chipperfield lacks scientifically," says a friend, "he makes up for with instinctive knowledge. Once, one of the elephants fell ill—but she had practically no symptoms. She just refused her food, dragged her trunk on the ground and looked miserable. There seemed to be no telling what was wrong inside her. But Dick said she had an impaction in her intestines. He treated her accordingly, and within a short time she was well again. Of course, the Chipperfield family has been in the circus business so long that Dick probably has as much animal instinct as the animals themselves."

The Chipperfields are, in fact, the oldest circus and menagerie family in the world. Their ancestry can be traced back to a showman who lived in the reign of Charles II. A Chipperfield exhibited animals in a booth on the frozen Thames during one of the great frosts of the late seventeenth century. The present generation—three brothers and a sister—maintains the family tradition. They have the largest tenting circus in Britain, with the largest selection of animals, the longest season, and the biggest "big top."

Chipperfield shows some young leopard cubs to one of the girls who performs with the circus.

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Jimmy the elephant obediently lifts a forefoot so that elephant trainer Rosaire (left) can examine his toe-nails with Chipperfield. Elephants are bad patients. They sulk if they are ill

"Last season," says Dick Chipperfield, "we performed to 1,500,000 people. The business we are doing proves that good animal acts still pay off as well as the novelties, if not better."

Animals take well to the incessant travelling. Every year, though they cover more than 2,000 miles in all weathers, they keep surprisingly free from serious illness and injury. Often, with the big cats, Chipperfield's difficulty is knowing just *when* they are unfit. "Lions, tigers and leopards hide their symptoms as they would in the jungle. To show they were off colour would be asking for a death warrant from the other animals. I have to keep a very careful watch."

Death That Was Baffling

Recently, Chipperfield noticed that a lioness was being ostracised, though periodically the others in the cage made hostile sallies towards her. He immediately segregated the animal and examined her. On her back he found a long gash, obviously from a recent fight. "Just because she was injured, the other lionesses were getting ready to hasten her end."

One morning another lioness, which had previously shown no sign of sickness, was found dead. Chipperfield was baffled, and ordered a post mortem. The lioness was found to be riddled with tuberculosis. "She must have had a lot of pain, but she had successfully hidden it from the other cats—and from us—till the end."

Elephants are bad patients for the converse reason. Circus people have a saying that "an elephant will die with toothache." Chipperfield says: "It is no exaggeration. I had an elephant which got very sick indeed with a bad toothache. She was actually willing herself to die. A stubborn milk tooth in the way of a permanent tooth caused the trouble. We had to help it out

When they are ill, lions, tigers and leopards try to hide their symptoms—for fear of a death warrant from the other animals

Triumph of Chipperfield training: an act combining two natural enemies, the elephant and tiger—the first time this dangerous act has been photographed

with a sterilized tyre lever. It's always a tricky job because the tooth is about as big as a fist, and if it doesn't come right out first time the elephant won't open its mouth again."

Chipperfield believes in simple methods for giving treatment. He does not wear special gloves, use a vice to keep an animal's jaws open, or employ a "squeeze cage" to immobilize it. Experience has taught him that anything strange will unnerve the patient.

The Hot Iron Treatment

"A doctor will tell you that half the trouble in treating humans is caused by their prior knowledge of the treatment," he says. "An animal doesn't know you're going to do anything to him, so it's best not to give him any warning and you'll minimize the shock." Recently, Chipperfield had to trim a zebra's hooves. He knew that if he roped the zebra's feet and threw it on the ground the shock might kill it. So he decided to get someone to distract the animal's attention with a few titbits while he knelt before it and, instead of filing the hooves, trimmed them with a hot iron. The operation required patience, but the zebra did not feel it.

Simple methods are sometimes risky, however. Chipperfield once found that a lion which he had bought for stud purposes had an ingrowing claw. Normally, when he tends the feet of the trained lions he merely lassoes one leg at a time and pulls it through the bars of the cage. But this animal was untrained and had to be anaesthetized. To do this, Chipperfield let the lion gnaw at a chloroformed sack. The operation went satisfactorily enough, but just as Chipperfield was finishing, the lion suddenly began to come round, and rolled off the table. Round the big cage it lolloped in a decreasing stupor, chased by Chipperfield and the hands working with him. "We had used a smaller cage to bring the lion into the big cage in the circus ring. Just as he was passing the open door we all pushed and bundled him in. It was a close thing."

Occasionally, Dick Chipperfield resorts to the unorthodox. When a giraffe had a cold, he slept in its cage for three nights, dosing it with penicillin every few hours. It is now his proud claim that the giraffe will do anything for him and is probably the only trained giraffe in the world.

On another occasion, a lioness broke a leg. Chipperfield anaesthetized her and set the fracture in plaster of paris. The lioness duly awoke —and chewed off the plaster. This happened twice, and there seemed no way of stopping it. Knowing that big cats are naturally lazy and will move only to eat, Chipperfield finally decided to put her in a blacked-out cage and keep so much food and water before her that she would not have to move. Three weeks later she was back in the show with not a mark on her leg.

Fear May Cause Attacks

The dangers in tending wild animals are negligible, according to Chipperfield. "Only two things will cause a big cat to attack. The first is fear. You must always exude confidence, and never corner the animal. Always leave him a loophole, and always let him realize fully where you want him to go."

The second and more likely cause of an attack, says Chipperfield, concerns the relationship between the male animals and the trainer or keeper. A few years ago, Chipperfield's uncle went into the lion's cage during the mating season to do a regular afternoon act for the benefit of the menagerie visitors. Within a few minutes, a lion, which was normally well-behaved, had fatally mauled him. Chipperfield's explanation of the tragedy is that there was a lioness in the cage and, while the lions accepted the domination of the human being, at such a time he became a rival for the lioness's favours. The attack was the natural outcome.

On the whole, the animals lead a peaceful, well-regulated life. One show, with all its acts, lasts three years, touring the country in evenly distanced weekly and fortnightly stands. In the winter, the circus retires briefly to its headquarters at Down Farm, Stockbridge, in Hampshire, for an overhaul, but the wild animals still live in their mobile cages. Chipperfield prides himself on the fitness of his animals and closely superintends their twice-daily clean-out and their evening meal. This devotion is only natural, if only because each lion costs more than £400.

The twenty-five lions and tigers eat twelve to fourteen pounds of meat daily. Fifteen leopard cubs will soon be eating similar amounts. Every day sixteen elephants each get 1 cwt. of hay, ¼ cwt. of kale and ¼ cwt. of mangolds and oats. Then there are ten black bears, seven polar bears, and a host of smaller animals—a giraffe, llamas, zebras, pythons, sea-lions, pelicans, penguins, monkeys, camels. From time to time, all of them get such conditioners as cod liver oil.

Dick Chipperfield considers that his animals are healthier than those in many zoos. Until two years ago, however, he could not make this claim for his polar bears. Every spring many of them developed fits, going temporarily berserk or paralytic. Chipperfield eventually decided that their daily hosing down was insufficient, and he put a deep-water tank in their cage. He has had no trouble since. Rheumatism, frequent among animals in captivity, rarely bothers the menagerie, largely, Chipperfield feels, because the cages have raised wooden floors.

Animals Like The Life

"There is proof," he says, "that the circus animals enjoy life. I have a lioness which has just had cubs at the age of twenty. In the jungle she would have been lucky to have lived half that time. Most of the big cats live long. And it's significant that the animals breed in the circus. No unhappy animal will ever breed."

Chipperfield knows the value of exercise. Recently, a leopard cub was ill with stomach trouble. Chipperfield gave it a dose of stomach powder, but it recovered only partially and still sulked. He ordered that it was to be taken for a walk each morning. By the third day the animal was completely recovered.

"Call it occupational therapy or what you like," says Dick Chipperfield, "it proves one thing: animals prefer working to being stuck in a cage."

THE END

THE GOLD-SEEKERS

by WILLIAM BRANDON

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

One bullet between three men. . . . That was Frenchy's plan.
He knew the man with the gun would never dare to use it

THE GUIDE SAID, "I've seen a goods train go right across them flats out there, plain as sunshine, only upside down. That's what a mirage can do out here in the desert."

"Watch that rock," Pringle said.

The truck lumbered along with a bang and a jolt. Pringle and Frenchy, passengers in the cab, grabbed the window frame and hung on.

The guide said, "Upside down, and smoke coming out of the engine, real as can be!" The guide was a leathery little man, his arms curled around the steering wheel. "And the nearest station's 110 miles away."

"Ah, the desert," Frenchy said, broadening his accent. "Grim, meesterious, foreboding."

"You'd think so, once you had seen one of them real mirages," the guide said. "Easy to get lost even if you know the country."

"Don't say that," Frenchy said. "Get lost some other day, if you wouldn't mind."

The driver grinned. He said, "Don't worry, I won't see double today—I haven't had a drink since morning."

Pringle was tall and ugly, with an earnest, worried air. Frenchy had a round, happy face and big-knuckled, peasant hands. His hair was thick and black. They both wore summer suits and open-necked shirts which were soaked with sweat.

The late afternoon sun was blinding and hot. A gusty wind, hot and smothering, plastered their shirts against their backs and occasionally flung whirling clouds of dust upon them. The desert was the bed of a fossil sea, ringed around with pink and purple mountains. White salt flats gleamed here and there in the distance like lakes, glimmering in heat waves.

They had been riding in the truck for more than three hours, one hour to cover the forty miles by road from the town, and the rest of the time to travel twenty miles or so since they had left the main road. Now their trail angled towards the mountains.

Pringle studied the terrain through binoculars. He spotted the wreck, a pair of silver wings crumpled among tall stakes of yucca. The truck climbed to within a half-mile of it and was stopped by a steep wall of rock. Charley, the guide, helped them carry the two big camera cases up to the wreck.

It was a largish, twin-engined monoplane. The nose was half buried in the ground and the wings were buckled.

"There she is," the guide said. "They took the bodies out last week. Two of them—two men. Not identified yet. Plane had been stolen—out on the coast, the way I heard it . . . if you want me in a picture, I don't mind."

Frenchy said politely, "I'm sorry, but I think maybe you will have to go down and move your

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Frenchy held out the gun to the guide. Pringle, shocked, grabbed him. "Are you crazy?" he yelled

The plane was lying nose down in the parched desert. Hidden inside, waiting to be picked up, was a small fortune in gold

truck instead. It shows up in the background."

"Why, it's clear down the mountain," the guide said. "But it don't matter to me." He disappeared, stumping away on his high-heeled boots.

Pringle said, "I didn't think about him being on our necks."

"I did," Frenchy said.

They opened the cases. The cases did not contain cameras, but sledge-hammers, crowbars and an acetylene torch. Frenchy's also contained an automatic which he stuck in his belt, inside his shirt.

Pringle said, "I didn't think of anything like that, either."

Frenchy said, "I did."

Pringle said, "You're a great brain, Frenchy." He pumped up the acetylene torch, ignited it, and went to work on the leading edge of one of the wings, close to the fuselage. When he had cut out an opening, two flat wooden cases were disclosed. Frenchy heaved one to the ground, and prised it open. It was filled with sheets of gold, metallic and dull.

Both men stood in silence for a moment, thinking what the gold meant to them.

"That would buy a lot of toffee-apples," Frenchy said.

Pringle nodded and turned back to start on the other wing while Frenchy packed the gold sheets in one of the camera cases.

Frenchy, looking down the slope, said: "Charley's moved the truck." Then he said in an odd tone: "Something's shining down there at the truck. Your binoculars, Pringle?"

Pringle's face turned grey under the dust and the sweat. He said: "I forgot about them."

The two men packed up the rest of the gold. Pringle said: "So we're in the grease. Have you thought about what we'll do now?"

"Certainly," Frenchy said. "Cut him in."

"That's bright," Pringle said. "That's very smart. Of course, it's a little expensive."

Frenchy picked up one of the camera cases. It was heavy; he braced his feet and swung it up on his shoulder and started down the slope. Pringle shouldered the other case and followed.

CHARLEY was sitting in the truck, his eyes nervous. Pringle and Frenchy placed the camera cases in the truck, just behind the cab.

Frenchy said pleasantly to the little driver, "Well?"

The guide swallowed and said: "Well, what? You ready to start back?"

Pringle said suddenly: "He's probably got a gun somewhere."

"Then he should get out of the truck," Frenchy said. The guide, after a little hesitation, stepped down from the cab of the truck. He looked old and now he looked frightened.

"I'd like to see you get back without me, that's all," he said.

Frenchy laughed. "Look at the kind of things he's thinking."

"I think that plane up there was smuggling gold," Charley said. "And the gold was robbed to begin with. And you two knew and came to get it. You didn't come out here to take pictures for a magazine any more than I did."

"Bravo!" Frenchy said. "Charley thinks."

The guide stuck out his jaw. "You won't think it's funny when I get back to town."

"You see," Frenchy said. "He is an honest man. But I'm a philosopher. We will now all talk seriously." He took off one shoe and dumped sand out of it. "In the first place, Charley, maybe you are an honest man sometimes, but you are more greedy right now. Like Pringle here. Pringle is greedy by nature."

"Take your time, Frenchy," Pringle said. His voice was harsh. Frenchy said: "If you were an honest man all the time, Charley, you would have driven away in your truck as soon as you saw through the binoculars what we were doing. We couldn't have got away, could we? You would have brought back the law and you would have been a hero. But you waited for us to join you, because there is a lot of money involved, and maybe you will get some."

The guide said: "I ain't a criminal."

"No one," said Frenchy, "is entirely honest when it comes to this much money."

The guide said: "How much money?"

FRENCHY laughed. "It might bring as much as a hundred thousand over the border. That would be fifty each for Pringle and me, or thirty-three each for the three of us."

"Whose share are you giving away?" Pringle cut in.

Frenchy said with a brilliant smile: "You see? Pringle has a greedy nature. Pringle is not above thinking about getting away with all of it for himself."

Pringle muttered between his teeth.

Frenchy said: "Let me make our situation clear. There are three of us. We all need to help one another, to pull this off. But Pringle is greedy, and you, Charley, are not only greedy but you also have a conscience. You wouldn't mind trying to get all the gold for yourself, too, if you thought you could. We'll have to arrange it so we can all help each other and all watch each other, too."

"How about you?" Pringle said. "I suppose you wouldn't run off with all of it, if you got the chance?"

Frenchy said: "But I've got the chance." He stood up and took the gun from his shirt. "I've got this. I could leave you two here. But I'm not fool enough to think I don't need help."

The guide said: "You'd never find your way out of here without me. There's just enough petrol in the tank to take us back the straight way—and I'm the only one who knows it. Lose your way and you're finished."

"Very true, Charley," Frenchy said. "That's why we're giving you a partnership to guide us out again. When we reach the road you take your share, and that's that."

"Maybe when we get to the road you'll shoot me in the back of the head," Charley said.

Frenchy snapped the clip out of his gun, threw the bullets far away and shoved back the empty clip. Then he held out the gun to the guide. Pringle, shocked, grabbed him.

"Are you crazy?" he yelled.

"I'm establishing a balance of power," Frenchy said. "Now Charley has the gun and there's just one cartridge in the chamber. He could shoot one of us but not both of us. And neither one of us can shoot him. So Charley feels safe, but not aggressive. And now we're ready to go."

The guide said: "Well, you ain't such a fool at that."

Frenchy appeared to be enjoying himself. "A beautiful thing, a balance of power. Let's go. Pringle, you drive. We wouldn't want Charley to drive away from us, would we? With our baggage?"

The guide chuckled. Pringle got behind the wheel and headed the truck down the slope into the desert, following the guide's directions.

The red sky darkened. After a while it was dark and Pringle switched on the lights. After an hour, Frenchy took over the job of driving. Eventually they topped a ridge and saw the road ahead, tiny lights of cars moving along it, and the miniature red and green jewel that was the neon lighting of the garage at the foot of the pass.

Frenchy stopped the truck. "All right, Charley, my friend. This is where you leave us."

The guide said: "I'd sooner wait till we reach the road."

Frenchy nudged Pringle. He said: "Charley doesn't want to get out here. Maybe you should help him."

WITH fumbling hands, the guide got the door half open. He said: "Listen, mister, don't forget I got this gun."

Frenchy said pleasantly, his accent coming upon him: "I nevair keep a cartridge in the barrel, Charley. A dangerous practice."

Charley scrambled out of the truck, yanking at the gun in his belt. Pringle grabbed a tyre lever and leaned out after him, swinging his arm.

Frenchy put his hands against Pringle's shoulders and shoved. Pringle gave a startled shout and fell head first out of the truck.

Frenchy threw the truck in gear and it leaped forward. He began to whistle, and headed for the lighted road.

He drove on for more than half an hour, twisting and turning over the uneven floor of the desert, but always with the lights to guide him. Then, suddenly, the melody died on his lips. The lights on the main road were moving, all together. They floated up into the sky and hung there for a moment and then vanished, dissolving into the night.

Frenchy thought of old Charley's words: "That's what a mirage can do out here in the desert." THE END

ABOVE US THE WAVES

Continued from page 10

had rolled from the casing into the water. He might have been drowned had not Passey, bringing the boat round in a flash, grabbed him as he sank.

Warren, as he turned, had knocked open the valve of the oxygen bottle by his right arm, and the full pressure had hit him in the lungs. It was another reminder that charioteering seldom forgave a moment's distraction, or a careless movement.

Warren had fully recovered the next day when, with Grant as partner, he put the chariot through its paces before the Flag Officer Submarines and a visiting V.I.P.—Admiral King of the United States Navy. The "Real One" excelled itself. Nearly all who saw the demonstration were delighted; most were deeply impressed. The only emphatic dissenter was Admiral King, who thought the whole idea "crazy."

Whatever Admiral King's views, it had been a very happy day for Sladen. Less than three months after being consulted, he had produced men, diving gear and an operational torpedo. One more thing was needed to complete the work that he and Fell had begun: a feasible target in enemy waters. With that thought in mind, he wasted no time in sending the "Real One" to Scotland; with it went Warren, Grant and the fourth batch of volunteers.

Peace Under The Lake

In Scotland, the arrival of the "Real One" and two others that followed was none too soon. The charioteers were becoming stale. Cassidy had become a bore, and mere diving too much like routine to be interesting. After the rigours of diving, driving the "real ones" seemed easy and relaxing. It was pleasant, at one and a half knots, to weave gently through Loch Erisort at a depth of twenty feet. The chariot swam on a perfect trim. The propeller turned sweetly; no bubbles escaped to scare the gaping fish, no mud clouds rose to obscure the strange colours of a world submerged.

But such peace underwater could be treacherous. The divers found that torpedoes could crash a hundred feet to the bottom without warning or apparent reason. The effect of such a plunge was dramatic. The ears were shot with unbearable pain; lungs caved in for want of oxygen; increase of pressure clamped the suit to the body, driving any loose folds of the rubber into the flesh. It was as if the diver was caught in some immense and liquid clamp.

These dangerous and alarming falls were caused by the pockets of fresh water formed by springs and channels giving into the salt water loch. Hitting them, the salt water-trimmed torpedoes sank like stones. It was unavoidable danger, but the crews soon learnt how to deal with it.

The Vital Moments

Much had to be done in the few seconds before consciousness snuffed out. A plunging charioteer opened the valve of his bottle and gasped in the extra oxygen, letting as much as possible of it escape round his lips to push back the visor which the pressure had smacked against his face. Simultaneously, he swallowed hard, twisted his neck and blew violently down his nose against the pinch of the clip. If all this was done in time, acute agony subsided to an ache, and the struggling man could turn his attention to the machine.

If something went wrong, if the pain became too sharp or the ears failed to clear, the diver let go and floated to the surface, leaving his partner to deal with the torpedo. Chariots were lost, to be recovered later by helmet divers; men came up to the surface unconscious; nearly everyone "passed out" on one practice or another. Techniques for combating such hazards were discussed and developed; the wardroom of H.M.S. Titania became a brains trust presided over by Sladen and Fell.

Six weeks after the arrival of the torpedoes the charioteers were fairly

"And one last word, madam, regarding quality . . ."

confident that they were masters of their machines. Like expert horsemen, they reacted instinctively to the behaviour of their mounts. It was time to look up from the machine to the obstacles ahead, the traps and obstacles of the enemy world. That meant the negotiation of anti-submarine nets; the Boom Defence department laid down a variety of these on which and through which intensive training was carried out.

Nets Couldn't Hold Them

The Boom Defence units had decades of experience, the charioteers not more than twenty weeks. Yet it was quickly proved that the nets had no chance of stopping a human torpedo. Indeed, as the days passed, the divers came to look on the nets as more of a help than a hindrance.

It was comforting, when twenty feet deep in pitch black water, to brush gently against the wires and know by that impact that the navigation had been approximately correct. It was useful, too, for a charioteer who was not quite certain of his position to let his Number Two hold the machine while he climbed the net to find his bearings.

And there was moral virtue in a net. When the strain of being suspended on a strange machine over two hundred feet of water began to tell, it could be reassuring to grip the meshes and know that they led to the familiar world of air above. The sight of the stars from a net's jackstay could do more than a little to redden a paling courage.

Cutting a net was simple. An incision on each of the opposing angles of a mesh's diamond, a bending down and out of the severed strand—such was all the exertion needed. Then, with a little pushing, Number One at the controls nursed the chariot through. To make it more difficult, Boom Defence strengthened their meshes with interwoven barbed wire; but this, too, was penetrated smoothly.

After a few days the nets round Titania were in ribbons, and charioteers claimed they could clip their way through with a pair of nail scissors. They demanded other and sterner challenges; a more complicated run in, stronger net defences, and a target ship drawing thirty-five feet of water instead of Titania's modest twenty-six. They were soon to have their wish.

Towards midsummer the base at Loch Erisort was dismantled, and orders came for Titania to weigh and proceed. The new destination proved to be Loch Cairnbawn, not far from Cape Wrath. There Titania was to have an august companion, one of the navy's latest and heaviest battleships, H.M.S. Howe.

Howe was to be the charioteers' hardest test and she was soon lying within a cocoon of nets, hydrophones, and patrolling launches equipped with searchlights. Most important of all, Howe knew on what night and approximately at what time the charioteers would attack. She thought herself impregnable, and her company betted freely against the chances of a single torpedo getting through.

In spite of their confidence, Sladen and Fell were uneasy as the attack began, and the seven chariots slipped into the darkness at fifteen-minute intervals. The defences their men had to pass were far stronger than any yet attempted; the loch was full of unexplored fresh-water pockets; the approach dive to the battleship was as much as half a mile and, disquieting thought, the Howe was drawing more than the toxic depth of oxygen. For all that, the highest hopes of Sladen and Fell were to be realized, but a price had to be paid.

Four torpedoes reached Howe and got away unseen. One was detected; two returned with technical breakdowns without attacking. The first trial had been excellent. The second, on the following night, was scarcely less so. On the third and last night there was tragedy and great courage.

Sub-Lieutenant John Grogan, a South African, had Able Seaman Worthy as his partner. He made a good run into the battleship, but the last net forced the chariot dangerously deep. As he blew air into the ballast tank to float the chariot up under the gigantic hull, Grogan became unconscious and fell forward over the controls.

In A Terrible Trap

Before the machine could crash to the bottom or, rising quickly, crush its crew against the hull, Able Seaman Worthy acted. Leaning forward, he threw his arms round Grogan and seized the "joy stick," bringing the torpedo back to an even keel.

For the moment disaster had been averted, but Worthy was in a terrible trap. To surface immediately was impossible; the 35,000 tons of battleship stretched above him like a roof. A dive, while being the quickest way of escape, would have killed Grogan at once. Worthy did the only thing left him.

With one arm supporting Grogan and his free hand on the controls, he eased the torpedo, almost grazing the mass of steel, under and across the hull. He drove the chariot as fast as he dared, but his progress was alarmingly slow; Howe's enormous shadow seemed to fill the loch. When at last he was clear, he blew the ballast and the machine lifted to the surface. A dingy, placed there for just such an emergency, was alongside in a few seconds. Grogan was lifted into it. He was dead.

John Grogan, fine man and fine charioteer, was a great loss. The charioteer could be replaced, but the man was gone. What lived on were Worthy's courage and skill. That example, and the all-round success of the attacks against H.M.S. Howe, convinced Sladen and Fell that their charioteers were almost fit to engage the enemy. Another fortnight's training would see them at their peak. An operation was needed, and quickly. Sladen went to London to persuade the Admiralty into giving him one.

Norway's Sailor Hero

The idea of an operation posed three questions: What? Where? and How to get there? Taken separately, each of these questions could be answered, but no solution had yet been found that satisfactorily embraced all three. It was early autumn before the solution appeared; it took the form of a square built, humorous, rather shy sailor—Lief Larsen, of the Royal Norwegian Navy's Special Service Unit.

Larsen, now "Shetlands" Larsen, D.S.O., D.S.C., C.G.M., D.S.M., and Norway's best known national hero, had escaped from his country after the German occupation. In 1942 he was in command of one of the many Norwegian fishing vessels operating under British instructions from bases in the Shetlands. Larsen's work was dangerous. His duties included reconnaissance voyages to the coast of Norway, landing and taking off agents, and running supplies to the Norwegian underground movement.

The danger of his work had come to be routine; it was something else that worried Larsen on his long voyages to the north. A name haunted him, and an idea kept nibbling at his mind. The name was Tirpitz; the idea was sabotage.

At that time the 40,000-ton German battleship was lying deep in a fold of Larsen's crinkled country, in Asenfjord, a branch of the great Trondheimfjord, beyond the port of Trondhiem itself and 450 miles from the Shetlands. She was confined there, it was said, by damage received from a Russian torpedo.

Bogus Ship Made Ready

Larsen was confident that he could sail his fishing smack to within striking distance of the German battleship, but he saw no way of attacking it. Sladen, with his chariots, was sure he could attack it, but knew no means of getting there. When the two men met, each was the answer to the other's prayer.

Things moved fast when Sladen and Larsen got to work. The Norwegian had to choose his ship, prepare his stores and equipment and brief his crew. The vessel he chose was the Arthur, a nondescript fishing smack, one of the scores that went up and down the Norwegian coast.

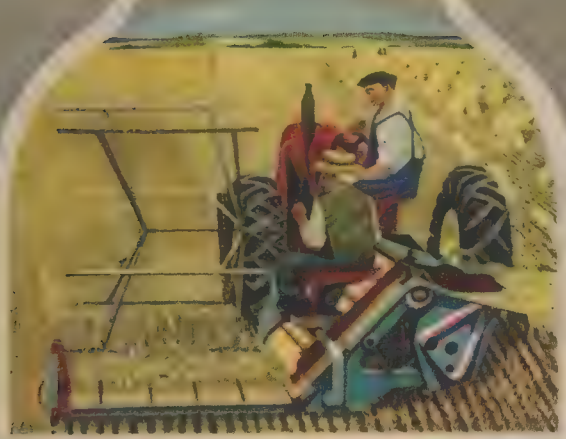
The Arthur had to be modified. A stronger derrick was needed to lift and lower the chariots, bolts and mooring gear to grip them had to be clamped under the hull. As the British charioteers could not form part of Arthur's crew, a secret compartment was made to hide them.

Identification and other papers were forged with the help of two Norwegians specially flown from Sweden for the briefing. This was essential, for Arthur was to be scuttled after the attack and her crew, with the charioteers, were to take their chance of escaping to neutral Sweden. On her false papers the Arthur was a cargo vessel carrying a cargo of peat to Trondheim.

The rest of the briefing concerned the scuttling, a rendezvous on shore where the crew could meet the charioteers, instructions for getting in touch

The Inside Story

of the best of the light ales



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with the underground, and details of the long road that was to lead the raiders across the Swedish frontier and back to London.

While the administrative side of the adventure was being looked after, Sladen and Fell were choosing their men. The attack was to be made by two chariots, six divers were to go with them. The men selected were to be commanded by Lieutenant "Jock" Brewster, who took Able Seaman Brown as his Number Two; Sergeant Don Craig, of the Royal Engineers, was with Able Seaman Bob Evans; and Able Seamen Malcolm Causer and Bill Tebb were to act as spare crew and dressers.

The original plan had been for Arthur to tow the chariots astern, but a few trials showed that it was preferable to sling them under the hull by short painters. Once this method had been tested, a full scale attack on a warship was organized.

The Hooded Attackers

The Arthur, with Larsen, Fell and the six divers, steamed to a deserted bay in the Summer Isles. There, at evening, the chariots were hoisted from the deck and secured to the painters under the hull by Evans and Brewster. Once the men were inboard again, the Arthur turned and steamed back to the loch where the target ship, the great battleship Rodney, was lying.

It was midnight, with the ship still several miles away from Rodney, when the engines were stopped. Although this was nothing more than an exercise, all aboard the Arthur were excited. It needed small imagination to turn Rodney into the Tirpitz, and the peaceful waters of the loch into dangerous Trondheimfjord.

The four charioteers appeared, grotesque and awkward in their hooded suits; there was a little splash as they vanished over the side. Then there was silence as they worked beneath the hull, unshackling the torpedoes. The first machine appeared, phosphorus gleaming on the ripples; the second joined it an instant later. The men struggled astride and bent their heads over the controls. Presently, the motors hummed and the chariots moved in to the ship's side; two upraised arms gave the thumbs-up sign.

Fell waved them away; in a moment they were lost in the night. So far all had gone without a hitch. Was it going to be so easy, Fell asked himself, on another night in Asenfjord?

But that night the attack was a complete success. The chariots cut their way through two curtains of net, forced themselves under the third, clamped their warheads on the hull and returned to Arthur undetected. Had the attack been in earnest, Rodney would have lain deep under a Scottish loch next morning.

Other trials followed, and three weeks later Fell declared himself satisfied. The attack against the Tirpitz was "on." The date was fixed for October 26.

Last Minute Change

On the twenty-fifth, Larsen and Fell thought they might relax at last. But even then the long preparation was not at an end. Late that night a secret message came from German-occupied Trondheim. Complete changes in the cargo manifest were needed if Larsen were to have a chance of bluffing through. Helped by the others, the Norwegian sat up all night writing a new false manifest. It was nearly 6 a.m. before he was satisfied.

"Let go forrard, let go aft!"

It was 9 a.m. sharp when the Arthur pulled away on a grey, mildly blustery morning. Fell was there to see her go. He gave a short, embarrassed nod as the gap widened between ship and pier. He shouted "Good luck." The fishing smack setting course for the north symbolized the end of one endeavour and the beginning of another. An idea had taken shape and purpose. Behind "Tiny" Fell were seven rigorous months of teaching men a dangerous trade. But now, for six of those men, the Tirpitz lay ahead.

NEXT WEEK: The hazardous journey into the hideout of the Tirpitz

"The funniest thing happened just after you had sold me that accident policy"

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

Continued from page 18

that twelve of the fourteen men in it were Cornishmen.

Even today, despite a faint mustiness, Redruth remains in some sense metropolitan, the "Rome" of a far-flung metalliferous empire. Go into Earle's, the little jobbing printers on the hill, and among the announcements of Grand Whist Drives and Chapel Jumble Sales and meetings of the old Cornwall Society you will find, coming off the machines, the company reports, dividend warrants and quarterly report cards of famous Malayan tin mines.

Just across the street from the railway station is a modest one-storey building with an ornamental stone front, dated 1891, the registered office of the Gopeng group of Malayan mines, founded by the grandfather of Eustace Wicketts, the present secretary, who presides within. Farther down the street are the offices of a local solicitor, Daniel Thomas, whose father pioneered another leading Malayan group. Mine managers, on leave, still travel down to Redruth to report on prospects to their directors.

Camborne, too, is a name that still arouses echoes in many remote corners of the globe. In the strange, vast, lonely world of the metalliferous mining engineer it evokes the affectionate respect that might be accorded to Oxford or Harvard in less special circles. For, from Bolivia to Broken Hill, from Antofagasta to the Rand, "Camborne" means the Camborne School of Mines—an unobtrusive, rather bleak-looking granite building just off the main street.

These days, the school is international in a more literal sense, too. Less than half its students are Cornish, and the others cover more than a dozen nationalities, including Antiguan, a Persian, a Rumanian, two young Burmese, and even a couple of American "war veterans," one with a Cornish grandfather.

"An Art, Not A Science"

I went up to the school's own private mine in the desolation of abandoned workings in the hills behind Camborne. "Mining's an art, not a science," said Arthur Roberts, the mine's foreman, who had worked as a boy in Dolcoath. "Now the old Cousin Jack, he was so much in demand because he could turn his hand to anything. We pride ourselves here that we teach 'em to use their hands." All types of drills and mining machines were deployed about the buildings for the students' use. Once in a while the old mine is even able to send a little tin, mined by its students, to the smelters.

The students have no hostel; they take rooms in private houses. But, quite often, in those houses, they are filling the spaces left by Cornish mining men who have gone out from Camborne to distant lands. Miss Higgins, in Trelawney Road, for instance, takes in Rhodesian students; she has three at present. Her father was a miner in Venezuela and Mexico; one brother spent twenty-two years in Chile in the mines at Chuquicamata—a word that gives no trouble at all in Camborne; another moved between Nigeria, Portugal and the Gold Coast; another is tin mining in Ontario.

In a hundred streets in Camborne that story could be repeated, and the postman, bearing letters exotically postmarked, still knocks at African Rows and Kimberley Terraces, at Arizona Villas and O'okiep Houses, Famantine Cottages and Taquah Vistas.

Birth Of Steam Power

But that is only the beginning of Cornwall's great tin heritage. Ask an Englishman who invented the steam locomotive, and he replies, without hesitation, "George Stephenson." Ask any Cornishman worth the name, and he answers, with proprietary pride, "Richard Trevithick."

The fact is that steam power itself was born, not in Birmingham or Manchester, but deep in Cornwall, where James Watt and his men tested and proved their engines against the urgent needs of the Cornish mines which, driving deeper, were facing a severe flooding problem. And there are no more impressive monuments anywhere to the stature of those first engineers than the survivors of these great Cornish pumping engines which once filled the castle-like engine houses with their gargantuan sighings as the mighty overhead beam rose and fell, thrusting the plunger-poles up and down. At the South Crofty mine, one of these historic engines, a hundred years old, is still at work, pumping three hundred gallons of water out of the mine a minute, under the tender eye of the Cornish Engines Preservation Society.

Indeed, the whole area is rich in memories of those exciting days when man's power over his environment was so dramatically extending. There is that cottage, just off Redruth's main shopping street, which Willie Murdoch, the unlettered genius who came down from Ayrshire in a home-made wooden hut to join Boulton and Watt, made into the first home in the world to be lighted by coal gas, brewed in a retort in his backyard; there is the Tuckingmill workshop, where William Bickford, in 1831, made the world's first safety fuse; there is the attic in Penzance where young Humphry Davy, an apothecary's apprentice—later famed for his miners' safety lamp—started out on his chemical experiments; there is Richard Trevithick, the "Cornish Giant," on his plinth outside the Camborne free library, masterfully brandishing a model of his steam carriage in the face of a doltish world.

Not far along from the Trevithick statue a plaque let into a wall marks the spot where, on Christmas Eve, 1801, this "patent road carriage" started out on its epoch-making journey, chugging merrily along at walking-pace with the first load of passengers ever carried by steam in history. Not content with the level, the impetuous "Cap'n Dick" set his puffing devil at Camborne's Beacon Hill, which it triumphantly ascended for three hundred yards or so before breaking down. He and his cronies thereupon retired to an inn, forgetting to put out the engine's fire. They returned to find the boiler red hot and the machine, which had taken a year to build, in flames.

Made Railways Possible

By worldly standards, Trevithick was a failure. After several years' wandering among the South American mines he returned to Britain to die, penniless, saved from a pauper's grave by the subscriptions of his workmates. But his bold experiments with high-pressure steam (Watt growled that he ought to have been hanged for them) cleared the way for Stephenson and the world's first railways.

But down in Cornwall all this is not merely history. The tradition of Cornish engineering is a living tradition. Safety fuses, for instance, are still being made by the hundreds of miles—and all over the world the standard length of the safety fuse is still twenty-four feet, the length fixed in that small Tuckingmill workshop.

In the whitewashed cottage at Penponds, just outside Camborne, where Trevithick lived — his father was manager of the Dolcoath mine—now lives one of the workers at Holman's, "the Foundry," to Camborne, and the pivot of the town's industrial life. Five generations back, Nicholas Holman was a blacksmith, who made boilers and other parts for Richard Trevithick. And still, today, when the firm has become a worldwide organization, selling £2,000,000 worth of rock-drills and mining machinery to a score of countries, Holman's is still a private company, headed by "Mr. Treve" and "Mr. Percy" and "Mr. Kenneth."

The phrase, "the derelict duchy," had been knocking around at the back of my mind when I took the train down from Paddington. And, in fact, between wars, the area was one of Britain's worst unemployment "black spots." With the last of the tin mines shutting down, apparently for good, the fate of this remote, rocky peninsula seemed sealed. The Cornish standard of living, already well below the national average, seemed doomed to fall still further. Here was a whole region — and a people — without a future, beyond the crumbs that fell from the summer visitors' tables.

Change Is Inescapable

There are people in Cornwall today who go on enunciating these old phrases, passing the same old "Something-must-be-done" resolutions. But, to all with eyes to see, the postwar transformation is by this time inescapable. It was summed up most vividly for me by Mr. Blewett, the St. Day schoolmaster. "Before the war," he told me, "half our children came from homes where there was unemployment. Many were distinctly undernourished. Today, it's altogether different. You go into the cloakrooms on a wet day, and you're amazed at the quality of the clothes."

In part, of course, this is a by-product of Beveridge; much more it is the effect of the arrival in Cornwall of a mixed bag of "up the country" firms in hot pursuit of female labour. Heathcotes, the Tiverton lace and fabric people, have put up a big, new factory at Carn Brea; I found corsets being manufactured—strange metamorphosis—in the old Camborne town hall; and women's scarves and other garments in a series of low huts behind the cliffs at Portreath.

And, every morning, from all over the place, the buses, cars and motor

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Harry Hopkins goes to HIGH WYCOMBE

The town that thrives on chairs

cycles converge on the Falmouth dockyards which have been booming ever since the place became an American naval base during the war. "This is where the money is, boy!" said the gate policeman, almost reverently.

I stood on Falmouth pier and watched a couple of tugs pulling a white, newly painted tanker out of the repair yards across the harbour, a fine sight. Tankers are the mainstay of the yards but, as always, this fine harbour, so conveniently placed as a haven for Atlantic shipping, reaps a regular harvest from the casualties of the sea. The day before, a 10,000-ton Egyptian liner, the Star of Luxor, had been towed into dry dock after losing her propeller 150 miles out from Land's End. A Turkish ferry-boat, en route to Istanbul from the Clyde, where she had been built, had also sought refuge.

Farming Comes First

To most Englishmen, who think of Cornwall in terms of Land's End, artists and lobster-pots, the idea of Cornwall being an important county agriculturally seems hardly less extraordinary than the notion of a great Cornish engineering tradition. Yet never before have so many double-decker milk lorries rattled past me; never have I beheld so many modest groups of milk churns, waiting on their small platforms by the roadside. In statistical fact, agriculture is Cornwall's first industry today, with the tourist business coming a close second.

Dairy cows, early potatoes, Roscoff broccoli, spring cabbage and flowers make the pattern of the Cornish smallholder's prosperity—and the smallholder is everywhere, for though a good deal of the land is poor and stony there are many warm and fertile patches, too. Mild-eyed Guernseys chew the cud at the bottom of St. Day's streets—and over towards Truro, where the flower belt begins and runs down to the Scillies, lies a big flower farm where St. Day's women and boys and girls go to lend a hand at the height of the picking season.

If spring starts out at the right time, and advances up the country at its customary cautious pace, as the Cornish farmer naturally prefers it to do, the daffodils begin in the Scillies in January, are being cut around Penzance and Hayle in February, and in the Tamar Valley, on Cornwall's eastern boundaries, around early March. But a delayed spring, "bursting out all over," can heavily reduce the advantage of the West Cornwall grower, and these days his favourite crop seems to be anemones.

Children In Business

It appears that these days Cornish babies are born with one eye on the market value of their daisy-chains; and if primroses are early, Cornish children are out by the hundred, picking them from the sunny banks, making them up into bundles and sending them off to Covent Garden, thereby sensationally augmenting their pocket money.

West Cornwall's wild flowers, in fact, make almost as colourful a display as its cultivated ones; and it was in just such a way that a certain William Trevellick, of the Scilly Islands, casually gathering a hat-boxful of wild narcissi and sending them, hopefully rather than expectantly, to market, laid the foundations of Cornwall's flower industry.

In the twenty or thirty years that have gone by since then, with express trains carrying Cornish daffodils and violets and anemones and gladioli to towns all over the Midlands and North by the thousands of tons, the British housewife has been turned into a flower addict. And when, during the war, the transport of flowers by rail or by petrol-driven vehicles was made illegal for one year, prices soared.

Bicycles, coupled to light trailers, loaded with flowers, became a familiar sight on the winding Cornish lanes. London spivs, scenting a profitable field for their activities, descended in force, and daffodils began to move to London in the middle of crates that were tastefully topped with broccoli. On at least one occasion, these ingenious gentlemen outsmarted themselves. Police stopped a motor hearse and, detaining the "mourners," opened up the coffin—to reveal a fine consignment of early daffodils.

If agriculture, the duchy's first industry, has her eggs nicely distributed over several excellent baskets, tourism, her second industry, is steadily expanding. Every year more motor coaches, cars, cyclists and caravans bring chaos to the steep and narrow streets; every year, since the advent of holidays-with-pay made the long journey possible, a whole new nation has been discovering the rugged coves and azure seas of the once rather *bon ton* Cornish Riviera, till the accents of the industrial towns now threaten to drown the refined tones of the desiccated old ladies in heliotrope blouses, taking perpetual afternoon tea behind the sun lounge's potted palms.

Own Private Postmark

When Mrs. Prigg, who has lived in the house-shop-and-café opposite the Longships lighthouse for forty-five years, first became acquainted with the Land's End business, a few horse-drawn carriages would arrive between noon and two o'clock; now, in a single day, sixty motor coaches may decant their slightly dazed loads of holiday-makers to mail their Land's End post-cards (duly stamped with the Priggs's specially licensed Land's End post-mark), buy their Land's End souvenir ashtrays, insert their pennies in the Land's End telescopes and lavatories, and visit the First-and-Last House, a flourishing lock-up business.

The distinction of owning the end of this island, together with its final quarter-mile of road, belongs to a certain Mrs. Michie, who inherited this lucrative, if rocky, investment from her grandfather, and now lives in a large grey house, surrounded by garden, on the edge of her domain.

In the summer, as the stream of incoming tourists broadens, shop takings rise, even in the inland towns like Redruth. But if this annual blood transfusion is, in these days, indispensable to Cornwall's economy, to Cornishmen themselves it often appears a decidedly mixed blessing. For your true-born Cornishman is not designed by nature to be a hotelier.

In this clannish, ingrown, idiosyncratic, obstinate, and indeed anarchial individual, the qualities of a good head-waiter are entirely wanting. And so, just as centuries ago the Anglo-Saxon hordes penned up those earlier Celtic Britons in this barren Far Western corner, so now the English hotel and boarding house and café proprietors and shopkeepers thrust them back again from the harbours of Drake and Granville and Hawkins to make a last stand among the half-forgotten towns of the interior.

The conquest, it is true, is not complete. Cornish ways, Cornish turns of phrase, a Cornish lilt in the speech, Cornish dishes, still survive. Pasties are still being eaten underground at South Crofty, and a Cornish husband is very likely to boast to you that his

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wife makes the best pasties in the Duchy—although sorely tried of late, since, as one old mine captain confided, "a pasty that doesn't drip the fat when you bite it is not a Cornish pasty." Most Cornish households still seem to have pasties once or twice a week and, since tastes in fillings vary, the cook traditionally inscribes the initial of each member of the family on a corner of his pasty.

In a Redruth grocer's shop, where I inquired, I was told that saffron still has a steady sale, especially at what the manager called "tide times." The dried stamens of crocuses, giving to buns and cakes not only an exotic yellow colour but a characteristic flavour, the stuff is imported from Spain.

"Every Cornishman," said the manager patriotically, "will tell you that there's nothing like a good saffron cake. But don't buy it in a shop; get it from some Cornish woman who knows how it should be done."

The Shrinking Family

Today there are 300,000 people living west of the Tamar, just as many as there are in the Highlands of Scotland. But the people of the Highlands are true Scots; how many of the inhabitants of Cornwall, in the 1950s, are truly Cornish?

Certainly it is a small—and shrinking—family, but with a sinewy sense of belonging, both to the place and to the tribe. Ask any Cornishman about any other Cornishman, and most likely, I found, he could give you his life history, and go on to tell you pretty well how he was faring at that moment, even though he was miles away across half a dozen tortuous inlets and a dozen valleys.

I was in Fore Street—one of Cornwall's innumerable Fore Streets—in St. Austell on Friday, market day, and so many people stood on the pavement, lining its edge, that I thought a royal procession must be signalled. "Are they waiting for something?" I asked one of the bystanders. In a way, they were. "It's always like this on market days. You never know who you might meet, see?"

And when it was all over, all the stories told and hands shaken, they would catch their buses and disappear by their many serpentine routes to those little grey groups of cottages scattered about the folds of their hills.

There are no real "towns" in Cornwall in the English nineteenth-century sense. But how many little communities, set about a county that is a country in itself!

"Is this Treveskas?" one would ask, stopping the car.

"No, this is Tregathevan," they would say, and point down the road towards three more cottages just around the corner. "Trevaskas is down that way."

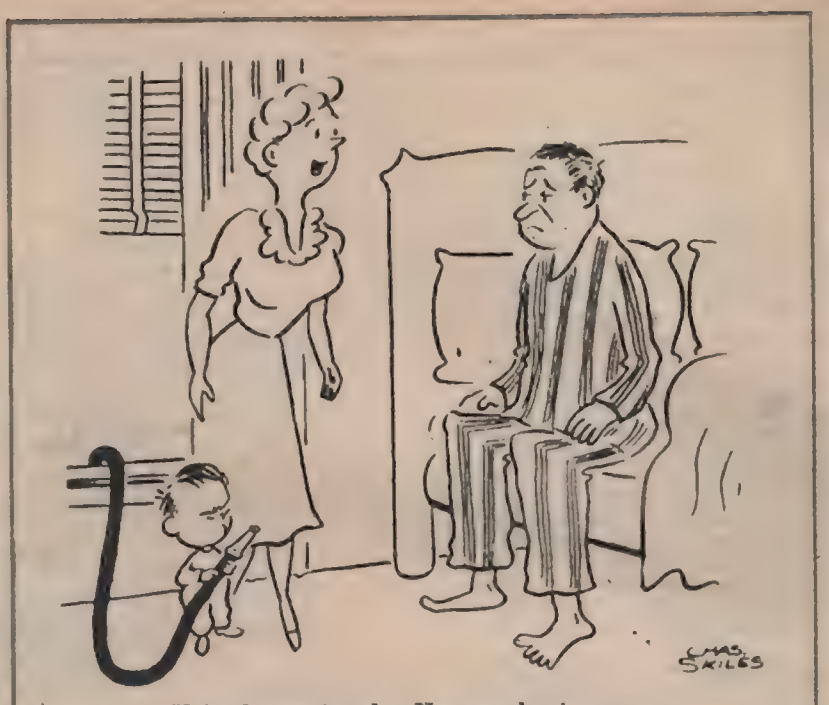
Passive National Feeling

Yet there can be no doubt about it: by comparison with the Scots, the Welsh—or even their nearest relations, across the English Channel, the Bretons—Cornish national feeling is passive and lacking in spirit.

There have, of course, been the inevitable, somewhat self-conscious efforts to resuscitate Cornish "culture" and the Cornish language, dead these 150 years and more. The Cornish Gorsedd was inaugurated in 1928; the reigning Grand Bard of Cornwall, R. Moreton Nace, lives at "Chylason" (house-in-a-field) on the hillside above Carbis Bay, where eager motorists, imagining they are discovering a "sea" route, descend in large numbers—to be neatly caught in a beachside cul-de-sac (parking fee: one shilling).

The Grand Bard, I was glad to find, filled the rôle admirably; a tall, thin, tweed-clad figure, with a hawk-like profile, a scholarly eye and an aureole of white hair. Working from medieval documents, patiently reconstructing the spoken form of the language from the sounds and inflections still heard in Cornish common speech, Nace had spent years on compiling his Cornish-English dictionary, a superlative labour of love.

In one of his Cornish language plays, the dead language is symbolized as a



"He's disappointed. He was hoping you would be hard to wake up this morning"

chough (a red-legged crow) which has been shot dead, but which, nevertheless, at the climax of the drama comes to life and soars heavenwards. Reality is more prosaic. Nace's *Cornish For All* has sold out its first edition of one thousand copies, but unfortunately, the Grand Bard pointed out, it could not be assumed that all purchasers had made much progress with the language. Young people especially could rarely be lured to his classes.

Twenty miles away I found another ardent Cornish patriot, W. Tregoning Hooper, also a Bard, just about to set out to train a batch of army cadets in Cornish wrestling. He showed me the telegram he had dispatched to the Duke of Edinburgh, affirming the willingness of Cornish wrestlers "to wrestle for him as their ancestors did at Agincourt for King Henry V."

He Is Still Champion

Every year, Hooper takes a team of Cornish wrestlers over to Brittany, where, despite a separation of a thousand years, the identical style survives. The Bretons, who still cling to many of the old ways that their kinsmen on this side of the Channel have lost, always win these tournaments; except for the championship, which is usually carried off by Willie Chapman, member of a famous Cornish wrestling family.

Yet trying to keep Cornish wrestling going these days, admitted Hooper, was largely flogging a dead horse. The old way of life had gone; there were just too many diversions. "The Cornish," he said, "were once kings of men. But the tourist business is turning kings into flunkeys."

And, steadily, the "up the country" men were taking over. When Hooper, armed with sixty-one bottles of tin ore labelled "Recovered from two bucketsful of rock with a fine-shovel," attended a meeting of the St. Agnes Chamber of Commerce, prepared to fire its members with the glorious vision of a revivified Cornish tin industry, he found, to his dismay, not one Cornishman among them.

And yet this rich, vital world of the old Cornwall was not wholly dead. Here and there, as I moved about the duchy, I would come suddenly upon a survivor, upon some individual in whom the old Celtic inspiration, the old "Trelawney" independence of spirit, still stirred.

On a fine day, you'll find Wilfrid Saare on the beach below Cligga Head at low tide. A tall man, shoulders slightly stooped, face burned a fierce, glowing red by the sun and salt spray, he'll be walking the high-water mark, blue eyes alert for the gleam of black tin sands or wolfram. The fifteen-foot breakers that crash against the cliff pull back pieces of rock, whirl them around, smash them down, slowly sift out the heavy tin ore, and cast it up on the sand. There, Wilfrid Saare finds it, shovels it into small bags which he hauls on his back up the steep cliff-face, and carries off by bicycle to Paradise, his small brown bungalow.

In a little wooden shed at the bottom of his garden, Saare vanns the tin sands and rock fragments in the old Cornish style with water, on a gently circling shovel, sifting out the tin ore, ready to send off to the smelters with his next consignment.

Once there were scores of Cornishmen who lived like this on the beaches, paying their royalties to the Duchy of Cornwall, which owns the foreshore. Then tin slumped and the art was lost. But Wilfrid Saare is a man who knows when he is lucky. If a big mining company were to come along and offer to install modern equipment and give him a good regular job, he would not take it. Here, alone on Cligga Head, he can call his soul his own.

On the walls of his bungalow hang wood carvings he works on when the mood takes him: figures of old-time Cornish miners, of the bal maidens who used to crush and sift the ore when, as a youth, he worked in the East Blué Hills mine. On the bookshelves stand the exercise books full of old Cornish stories and jokes he has collected down the years; ranged in the hall, his geological specimens.

As I left, he darted off to a cupboard and brought out his latest find, nestling on cotton-wool in a matchbox—a big gleaming crystal of black tin, from which rose a tiny needle-like column of quartz of exquisite delicacy.

A Surrealist Landscape

Motorists leaving St. Austell on the Bodmin road find themselves after a few minutes passing through a strange, surrealist landscape of glittering, white, conical mountains and yawning, gorse-grown craters, their steep, grey sides, deep below, in still green pools. Low sheds, filled with snow-white powder, punctuate the roadside, and the boots, trousers and faces of the men who pedal past on bicycles are streaked with white.

This is the china clay country, a steady and growing source of Cornish income since a Devon Quaker named Cookworthy discovered the first rare deposits in the mid-eighteenth century.

In the holiday season, lines of cars halt on the roadside at Carthew, their occupants gaping awestruck into the yawning white chasm of the Lower Ninestones claypit, started in 1820, now two hundred feet deep and getting deeper yearly.

It was in his foreman's hut on the edge of this monstrous hole in the earth that I made the acquaintance of Cap'n Sam. "If I had a shilling for every ton of clay I've dug," said Cap'n Sam, "I reckon I should be a millionaire by now." When Sam Nicol had first come to Lower Ninestones as a boy, following in the footsteps of his father and his grandfather before him, men had dug out the hard white clay from the sides and bottom of the pit with pickaxes.

Now, far below, looking down over the edge, we could see a couple of men directing a high-pressure jet of water from a monitor, washing away the sides of the pit. In place of the scores of small pit-owners there is the big "E.C.P.L." combine, with its research and its modern machinery. China clay is now used, not only for making china, but for a hundred purposes from face-powder to paper manufacture. It is, in fact, Britain's biggest raw material export, after coal.

Huge Mountains Of Spoil

Above and beyond Cap'n Sam's little hut towered the vast conical mountain of spoil, the dazzling white quartz sand, as smoothly piled as if poured out of some gigantic box of sugar. It hurt my eyes to look at it: but Sam Nicol did not blink. To him, these "sand burrows" were home.

And there are hundreds of them, scarring these devastated uplands, springing into view, like some remote Rider Haggard land, at the turn of the road or the bend of a hill, all over Cornwall, from the hills above Redruth, from the coast near St. Agnes, from miles out in the Channel.

Until recently the dumps seemed entirely useless. But, since the war, a method has been found of using them to make blocks for the "Cornish Unit Houses," creeping eastwards from here across Britain. But any local will greet with a laugh the suggestion that, because of this, the "burrows" may one day disappear. Some of them contain a million tons of spoil.

To the south of the central massif, riddled with its old tin and copper mines, ringing Redruth and Camborne and St. Day, lie the great granite quarries whence was hewn the stone for much of London and the cities of the Commonwealth—bridges at Putney and Chelsea and Lambeth, dockyards at Gibraltar and Simonstown and Rio and Singapore, a Catholic cathedral rising still in Liverpool and the county hall in London.

Cutting The Tough Way

From the quarries up the hill, the great granite blocks are hauled to Freeman & Macleod's big stoneyard beside the Penryn river, and it was here that I found a man, tall and lean and laughing, and as brown as a berry from the Cornish sun flung back by the glittering granite as it rang under the masons' chisels.

This was Joe Cremin. He was working on a great oblong block of stone, a six-ton quoin stone, being shaped for the place it would occupy in the new dock gates on Galleons' Reach in London River. Cremin was chipping away at an upper edge, cutting it "the tough way" for extra durability under water, for granite has grain just as wood has, and can be cut out in three ways: the "cleaving way," the "quartering way," and the "tough way" across the grain for extra strength.

Next to being Cornish, Joe Cremin is proudest of all of being a mason in Cornish granite; for a mason must match his stone in skill and endurance, and Cornish granite is the hardest stone we have.

His scorn for the "soft-stone men" is infinite. And he will go on to tell you about the time when the Penryn masons were sent up to the Derwent valley to shape the stone for a new reservoir dam. To their horror, they found, when they arrived there, not the familiar granite, but—blasphemy merely to name it—sandstone.

"'What's this bloody muck?' I said.

"'Oh,' they said, 'of course, you'll have to use different tools. Wood mallets like our men use, and so on.'

"I said: 'No—if we can't use our own tools our own way, we're turning

right round now and going back home.'"

The story, of course, ends triumphantly, with the Cornish masons using their own tools to cut the sandstone in half the time the "soft-stone men" needed, and winning a hefty bonus into the bargain.

Joe Cremin worships granite as some men worship God. To him, it is Truth, Beauty and Goodness, an absolute, admitting of no substitutes. "Concrete!" he cries, outraged. "Concrete! Look at the East Coast floods. Never have happened if they'd used granite. Look at the Houses of Parliament. If they'd put 'em in granite it wouldn't have cost 'em a halfpenny. Look at those concrete pillboxes down on the coast; only put 'em up in the war and they're falling down already. Then look at Lands End . . . sea's been battering at it for centuries, but there it is, good as ever. There's nothing like granite!"

What if the sad truth is that the concrete walls climb higher, march farther, with each year that goes by; that, even when granite is still used, as often as not these days it will be a thin strip, a veneer, a false front? To Joe Cremin this thing is a matter of faith. Here lives on a bit of that tough, perfervid old Cornwall which, if dead, will not lie down.

Spirit Has Gone Sour

With the fishermen it was different. The Cornish spirit still stirs, dimly and deeply, within them, but there it has gone sour. On the stone quays of St. Ives and Mousehole and Mevagissey the blue-jerseyed figures growl together in aimless groups, bewailing catches, bewailing prices, bewailing the world.

The traditional toast at Cornish dinners was once: "Tin, Copper and Fish!" Long after the tin mines had begun to shut down, the great shoals of pilchards still came swimming close into the Cornish coast.

In their small white huts—some of them still remain—set at vantage points about the cliffs, the huers kept watch for the gleam of silver in the water, when they would shout the alarm cries that set the boats moving out from the beaches, manoeuvring the long seine-nets that would encircle the pilchards by the million, pulling them up on to the beach. Old fishermen can tell stories of shoals that were a hundred miles long.

But times change. Churning propellers, multiplying till every little beach boat had one, dispersed the dense shoals. The Italians, who had once bought with avidity the great bulk of Cornwall's fine pilchards, acquired new tastes—or new suppliers. The day of the deep-sea trawler began. And the Cornish were not trawlermen.

The seas around Cornwall are still full of fish. At St. Ives, the holiday-makers still find it fascinating to stand at low tide, watching the blue horse-carts coming slowly in across the dried-out harbour with their loads of fish, to be auctioned on the lifeboat slipway. But these days, as the big blood-flecked ray, the cod, the plaice, are

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Don't forget

IF you want your memory to be good, give it plenty of work. Like any other machinery, it rusts with disuse. The more you trust your memory the more trustworthy it will become.

People who say their memories are failing are mostly those whose interest in life is failing. No one ever has trouble in remembering the things which have really interested him.

by ***ROFFE THOMPSON***

Bringing the joys of refrigeration to every home!

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flung from cart to baskets, as the salesmen mark their books, for every fisherman with fish to sell there seem to be a dozen who are only there to stand and stare.

In his boat-building workshop on the St. Ives harbour front, old Thomas Thomas is building only pleasure boats now. But in the record books on his benches, going back to the 1860s, are the plans of many fine fishing vessels.

"Why," the old man said, looking at me sharply through his gold-rimmed spectacles, "I remember the day when there were a hundred first-class boats here. How many first-class boats now?" Thomas Thomas began to tick the names off on his fingers. "About six, I reckon. . . . The trouble? Power! Power—that's the trouble. The East Coast men came down here. They went farther out. You see, those East Coast men formed *syndicates*."

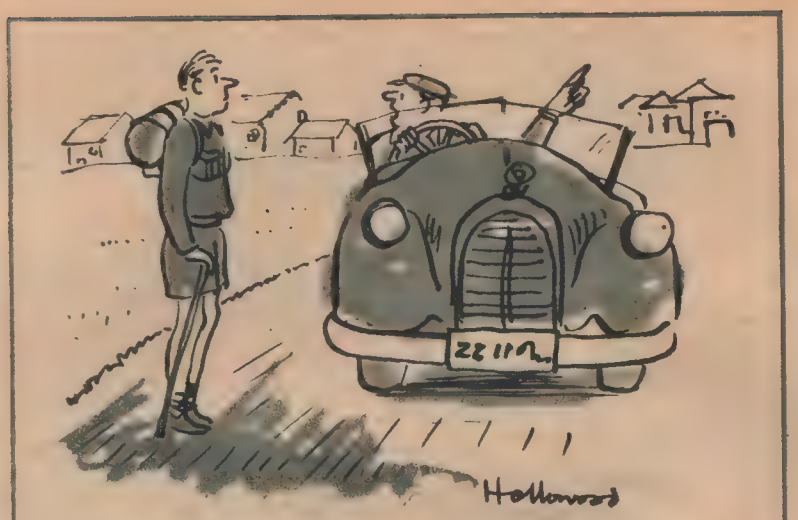
One can't talk to Cornish fishermen long before hearing about these soulless, barbaric "East Coast men," whose steam and diesel trawlers still seem to arouse in the Cornish breast very much the same emotions of outrage as prompted our great grandfathers to order the carrying of red flags in front of the steam carriages.

Self-reliance Has Gone

And though the fishermen are still apt to remind you of the things Lloyd George said in 1909, Cornish Radicalism, also, has gone the way of the tin, the copper and the pilchards. West Cornwall, which once sent seven Liberal M.P.s to Westminster now returns none—and only a single Labour man. And, with its traditional Radicalism, the Cornish fishing community seems to be in danger of losing something just as fundamental—it's self-reliant independence.

The government must do this for us, the government should do that for us, is the eternal cry. And the government does indeed do something for them. It pays out a subsidy of tenpence on every stone of pilchards. At Newlyn, Newquay and Mevagissey, pilchard canning factories have been promoted. A dozen committees and individuals consider and report on the Cornish fishermen, as if they were some primitive African tribe, whose preservation was of the greatest possible interest to the world's ethnologists.

In County Hall, at Truro, there sits the Cornish Fisheries Committee, presided over by an ex-naval officer, Commander Louard, who preaches the supreme importance of the inshore fishermen—and Cornwall has Britain's biggest inshore fishing fleet—as our shield and buckler in war. Yet for all the effort of naval men, Cornish patriots, fishing experts, sentimentalists and just plain busybodies, it has long been clear that this is a losing battle.



"Straight on until you come to a '30' sign, then filter left at the traffic lights, past two pedestrian crossings and a 'No Parking' notice, then straight on to the de-restriction sign—and I think you will find the Abbey somewhere on the left . . ."

For no one has yet discovered, either in medicine or elsewhere, how to keep alive someone who does not wish to live. The Cornish fisherman today is like some great prehistoric beast which has failed to evolve to meet the challenge of a new environment and is now dwindling, cumbrously and myopically, to extinction.

In an age of radar and echo-sounders, the Cornish fisherman, with that astonishing obstinacy which in other circumstances might be his strength, still lives in the days of village seine nets and ever-watchful huers, on the lookout for the shoals, in their huts on the clifftops.

The superiority of the ring net in the catching of pilchards is established and demonstrated. Yet, what happens? At the time of my visit, one single Cornish fisherman, Eddie Madron, of Mousehole, had had the enterprise to employ it—an enterprise which, I gathered from him, had paid excellent dividends. Only one.

Difficulties Are Many

Of course, there have been difficulties. The flood of Japanese pilchards, undercutting our own; the uncertainties of the market—and the weaknesses of the distribution system, which on one Saturday of my visit led to mackerel going for sixpence a stone on the St. Ives' slipway being sold, next day, to a housewife a few miles away at eightpence for two.

One hears of these difficulties all the time, but rarely of any proposal to do anything about them. Yet they are far from insuperable. More co-operation both in fishing and marketing is one obvious beginning. Or would be, if Cornish fishermen were not only most stubbornly conservative, but also most incorrigibly individualistic.

Even a "progressive" like Eddie Madron finds it hard to look much beyond the fish-quay. "I'm a fisherman," he told me. "I do my part—the rest is up to someone else."

The truth is that the old inshore fisherman, like the old miner, was a very special sort of man inhabiting a very special sort of world, a world of bleak little Cornish fishing villages, locked away in their rocky coves, grey walls and grey roofs straggling up and down the cliffsides as if scattered by some playful aeroplane. Their isolation was almost complete.

Smug World Shattered

The discovery of the "Cornish Riviera," the arrivals of the big city tourists with their bulging wallets and their determination to have a good time, turned this smug little world completely upside down.

Motor coaches and cars jammed the narrow cobbled streets. The fishermen, who had been "downalongs," living in the rough stone cottages around the little harbours, now found themselves, incredibly, "upalongs" living in the new council estates, while their old cottages, selling now for thousands instead of hundreds, became artists' studios, motor coach parlours, and Lobster Pot or Jolly Fisherman cafés.

And so now the blue-jersied descendants of Raleigh and Hawkins foregather in their morose groups on the quaysides of Cornwall's little harbours, bemoaning the prices, bemoaning the state of the tide, bemoaning the failure of the fish to offer themselves up and of the government to rescue them.

It can never be anything but a sad and sorry thing, the end of a once-proud race. For that is what it is, whatever hopes you might feel on the hills above Redruth and Camborne as you come down to the blue Cornish sea.

What the Romans and the Saxons and all the subsequent generations of English invaders failed to accomplish, the motor coach and the tourist and holidays-with-pay are achieving at last.

THE END

THIEF IN THE NIGHT

Continued from page 11

please direct me to Cadogan Row?"

"I happen to be going there myself," replied Mr. Batson, "so I can lead you."

"Thank you," said the man, falling in beside him.

Automatically, Mr. Batson's free hand reassured itself concerning the small lump in his inner pocket. This was exactly the sort of encounter which was most unwelcome. They walked in silence. The stranger had no umbrella, or even a mackintosh, and he was getting soaked through.

"Better have a share of this," grunted Mr. Batson, shifting his umbrella slightly to the left.

"It's all right, thank you," said the man; but nonetheless he moved a little nearer, coughing as he did so.

It was a relief to Mr. Batson when they turned into Cadogan Row.

"This is the street," he said, stopping before his own front door. "What number are you looking for?"

"Number 23," the man replied.

Mr. Batson stared at him.

"*This* is No. 23," he said. "It's *my* house."

"But—but *you* aren't Mr. Karenborg," the man said at last.

"No," said Mr. Batson decidedly. "I'm not."

The stranger gazed at him blankly, rain streaming down his face. He said at last, faintly, "But Karenborg lives at 23. He must live at 23."

"You're mistaken," said Mr. Batson. "Nobody lives here but myself and my wife."

The man put out his hand as though to steady himself against the railings. He licked his lips. "Did he *ever* live here?"

"I couldn't tell you," said Mr. Batson. "The house was empty when I bought the lease."

"Oh, my God!" the stranger moaned, and he seemed for a moment about to fall. "Oh, my God!" he repeated, as another fit of coughing shook him.

"Look here," said Mr. Batson, "we can't stand out in the rain like this. Come inside for a minute."

Opening the door with his latchkey, he led the way into the hall of the little house. The stranger followed and stood, a forlorn and dripping figure, on the mat.

"You're very wet," Mr. Batson observed. "Won't you—er—come to the fire? I expect we shall find one in here."

Pushing open a door on the right, he disclosed the leaping flames of a cheerful log fire. As he did so, another door at the end of the hall opened, and an intoxicating smell of frying onions was wafted towards the two men. At the same time a feminine voice called brightly: "Is that you, Jamie? You're late tonight, dear."

IN spite of their mounting fortunes, Mrs. Batson could never take kindly to the idea of a resident servant. A daily help who went home sharp at 3.30 p.m. was all she ever demanded in the way of domestic staff. "I like to have the place to myself," she would explain.

She now followed in the wake of her savoury odours, but stopped short on seeing a stranger in the hall.

Mr. Batson cleared his throat and said: "My dear, this gentleman is so wet that I've suggested he should attempt to dry himself a little before going on his way."

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Batson. "It's a dreadful night, isn't it?"

The stranger made no answer, but suddenly sagging at the knees, sat down heavily on a chair by the hat-rack.

"I'm sorry," he muttered. "I came over a little faint."

In a moment Mrs. Batson was all motherly efficiency. "Get the brandy, James," she commanded, leaning over the drooping figure in the chair. "You're chilled through and through, that's what it is," she said. "Come in here to the fire."

With her help, the man staggered to an arm-chair by the hearth. A strong tot of brandy seemed somewhat to revive him.

"You're very kind," he said. "I apologize for giving you this trouble. I mustn't trespass on you further." He started to rise, but Mrs. Batson gently pushed him back.

"Wait a little while," she said, "and then we'll ring up for a taxi. Do you live far from here?"

The man gave a croaking semblance of a laugh. "About six thousand miles away," he said.

Mrs. Batson exchanged a startled glance with her husband. "I thought——" she began.

"My dear," Mr. Batson broke in, "I must explain that this gentleman and I are quite unknown to each other. His presence in our house is due to some kind of misunderstanding. I take it," he continued, turning to the stranger, "that you're looking for a certain Mr. Karenborg whose address you have mislaid?"

The stranger shook his head. "I didn't mislay it," he said. "He wrote it down for me himself. Look."

From an ancient and rather sodden wallet he extracted a torn strip of paper on which was written in faded ink the legend: *Zadok P. Karenborg, 23 Cadogan Row, London, S.W., England.*

MR. and Mrs. Batson looked at it and handed it back to him in silence. "You see," said the stranger simply, "he's double-crossed me; that's all there is to it."

Any talk of double-crossing always made Mr. Batson ill at ease. It savoured too much of the criminal classes.

"I don't think you must assume that," he said. "He's merely forgotten to give you his new address. No doubt we can trace him through the telephone book."

A search through the directory, however, showed that no one of the name of Zadok P. Karenborg was a telephone subscriber within the metropolitan area.

"Well, that's a pity," said Mrs. Batson. "Was it very important you should find him this evening?"

The stranger gave a repetition of his croaking laugh. "Yes," he said, "I guess it was important—that is, if I don't want to starve."

"Nobody starves in *this* house," declared Mrs. Batson with decision. "My supper's spoiling to be eaten this very minute, and there's plenty for three."

"Oh, but really——" began the stranger, getting to his feet.

Mrs. Batson cut him short. "You'll feel much better after some

food," she said. "We'll take no refusal, will we, Jamie?"

Mr. Batson agreed, but without enthusiasm.

"Come along," said Mrs. Batson, leading the way. After hesitating a moment, the stranger followed her.

Alone in his study, Mr. Batson unlocked a small and cunningly concealed wall-safe, and deposited therein the parcel of gems which for the last hour had been burning a hole in his pocket. He was on the point of reclosing the steel door, when a voice behind him caused him to turn with a start.

"I—I think I dropped my wallet," the stranger said. "Yes, here it is," he went on, picking up the sodden object from the chair in which he had been sitting.

Mr. Batson felt unreasonably put out. Quickly locking the safe, he almost hustled his unwanted guest across the hall to the dining-room, where his wife was in the act of placing a steaming casserole on the table.

"I hope you don't object to onions?" she asked, as the two men took their places.

THE question proved unnecessary, for the stranger, after an initial embarrassment, was soon devouring his food as though he never expected to eat again. Mr. Batson, on the other hand, found that he had less appetite than usual. Conversation in the circumstances was a little strained, but Mrs. Batson did her best.

"I suppose," she said, "you were joking when you told us you lived six thousand miles away."

The stranger hastily swallowed a particularly large mouthful of potato before replying.

"I reckoned Nebraska was about that far," he said.

"Nebraska?" queried Mrs. Batson. "That's somewhere in America, isn't it? But I was meaning where you live in *London*."

"I don't live in London," the stranger replied. "Only just got here, from Southampton. Walking," he added, after another wolfish mouthful.

Mrs. Batson started.

"Walking!" she exclaimed. "In *this* weather!"

The man looked at her from under his thick eyebrows. "Had to, ma'am. Didn't have the price of a bus ride, let alone the railway fare."

"Good heavens!" Mr. Batson cried, shaken out of himself. "It must have taken you a week."

"Four days," the stranger said, "and I've had no food for the last two of them."

"Oh, you poor man!" Mrs. Batson wailed, in genuine distress. "Why didn't you tell us before?"

The stranger sopped up the last trace of gravy on his plate with a piece of bread before reluctantly laying down his knife and fork.

"I don't know why I tell you now," he said. "Except," he added, with a ghost of a smile, "to explain my table manners."

Mr. Batson felt acutely uncomfortable. Though not unkindly by nature, he yet harboured a deep mistrust of hard-luck stories. He had heard too many of them.

"How does your friend Mr. Karenborg come into this?" he asked.

The stranger paused before replying. "We were partners out there," he said at last. "Thought we were going to make a fortune out of diamonds."

"Diamonds!" exclaimed Mrs. Batson. "What a coincidence! My husband's in that business, too."

Mr. Batson tried to kick his wife's foot under the table, but couldn't quite reach her. The stranger appeared uninterested.

"Is that so?" he remarked. "Well, I guess we *did* make a fortune. But I got into trouble; you know what I mean. No fault of my own, but by the time I came out, Karenborg had cashed in and gone back to England. He'd left a message for me to follow when I could, and collect my share." He paused. "I haven't been over here for twenty-five years," he went on in a husky voice. "Karenborg's the only man I know. I——" His words died away and he sat silently staring at his empty plate.

Mr. Batson coughed self-consciously. "No doubt you'll be able to discover his whereabouts in the morning," he said. "In the meantime, Mr.—er——?"

"Wilmer's the name," said the stranger. "Joseph Wilmer."

"Well, Mr. Wilmer," Mr. Batson continued, "the question is, what's the best thing for you to do *now*?"

"There's no question at all," Mrs. Batson decided firmly. "Mr. Wilmer must stay *here*."

At this, Mr. Batson felt impelled to protest. "My dear——" he began, but got no further.

"What would you expect the poor man to do?" his wife demanded indignantly. "Do you want him to wander alone about the streets on a night like this?"

AS if to lend emphasis to her words, a gust of wind drove a spatter of rain against the window-panes, and a puff of smoke blew down the chimney into the room.

"A good night's rest will make all the difference," Mrs. Batson went on, addressing Wilmer, "and everything will seem better in the morning."

Wilmer's faint protests were easily overruled, and he allowed himself to be conducted upstairs, while Mr. Batson was dispatched to pick out a suitable pair of pyjamas.

When his wife rejoined him later in the study, she found him in an exceedingly bad temper.

"You must be crazy, Jennie," he began. "The idea of having an unknown vagabond to spend the night! You've done a most foolish thing."

"It was the only thing I *could* do," Mrs. Batson retorted, as she mixed her husband's usual nightcap. "We must be human."

"There are limits to that," grumbled Mr. Batson, taking the drink from her. "I happen to have several thousand pounds' worth of valuables in the house. It's not the time to have a disreputable stranger on the premises."

Mrs. Batson called him a Pharisee, and went to bed; but her husband did not follow her. He sat over the fire, brooding on the strange mischance that had disturbed his normal routine. At last he reached for the telephone and dialled a number. His conversation was brief, and after making certain dispositions for greater safety of his home and property during the night, he also retired to rest.

After an uneasy sleep, he awoke earlier than usual, and almost at once received a shock. On crossing the landing to the bathroom, he saw that the door of the spare bedroom was

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AGAIN—THREE COMPLETE STORIES IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

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open, and the room itself empty. Full of foreboding, he hurried downstairs and into his study. It was at once apparent that his anxiety was justified: the safe had been forced, and the packet which he had placed in it the night before was gone.

Mr. Batson had so clearly envisaged the possibility of just such an occurrence, that his reactions were almost automatic. But before he had had time to communicate his loss to the police, there was a ring at the front-door bell.

On the step was a police constable, who saluted when the door was opened.

"Mr. Batson?" he inquired, and on receiving an affirmative answer, continued: "We got him all right, sir. Can I trouble you to step round to the station?"

Quickly huddling on some clothes, Mr. Batson accompanied the constable to the police-station, where he found himself face to face with Wilmer.

"This is the man," he said. "I charge him with stealing a small parcel from a safe in my house at No. 23 Cadogan Row."

The sergeant in charge picked up a packet from among a number of miscellaneous articles on the desk.

"Is this the parcel?" he asked.

Mr. Batson examined it carefully. "Yes," he said, "I identify this as my property."

"Better open it," suggested the sergeant.

"Quite unnecessary," Mr. Batson said. "I have no doubts at all."

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders and looked at Wilmer. "Anything to say?" he snapped.

Wilmer, after one venomous look at his accuser, shook his head. At a sign from the sergeant, he was led away. The latter turned to Mr. Batson.

"We're obliged to you, sir," he said, "for tipping us off last night. A special watch was put on the house, and he hadn't a chance. We've been on his track for some time."

Mr. Batson opened his eyes in surprise. "You mean this man Wilmer's known to the police?" he asked.

"Wilmer?" smiled the sergeant. "His name's Karenborg. We know a lot about him. He has a rather individual method of working. Never breaks into a house; always gains admittance legitimately, and then helps himself at leisure. I don't know what yarn he spun in *your* case, but it was smart of you to know what his game was."

"I didn't *know*," Mr. Batson disclaimed. "I just wondered."

"Well," said the sergeant, "the case'll come up this morning. I must have particulars. What exactly *did* he steal from you?"

MR. BATSON thought for a minute. "I charge him," he said, "with intent to steal a packet of loose diamonds and other precious stones, valued at about seven thousand pounds."

The sergeant paused with his pen in mid-air. "*Intent* to steal?" he queried with a puzzled expression. "He *did* steal them."

"No," Mr. Batson contradicted him, taking the little packet from his pocket. "He *thought* he did."

Untying the string, he unfolded the paper and disclosed to the sergeant's astonished gaze a collection of small fragments of coal.

"You see," he went on, "when I'm suspicious I take precautions. The real stones spent the night under my pillow."

Mr. Batson enjoyed his breakfast when he got home. Not so Mrs. Batson. "I don't know when I've been so upset!" she complained. "I always thought I could tell an honest man when I saw one. Whatever made you doubt his story?"

Mr. Batson finished his coffee and wiped his lips.

"For one thing," he said, "that bit of paper with our address written on it was torn from an envelope that had yesterday's postmark on the back. And then, of course, diamonds don't come from Nebraska." THE END

LIFE WITH FATHER

AS SOME MEN collect stamps or antique porcelain, my father collected human hair. He was a professional wig-maker, but if he acquired some really lovely tresses, it pained him to have to part with them made up into a wig.

And what wigs they were! Each one, a masterpiece, created with the same skill and affection whether intended for a movie star under the intense scrutiny of a camera close-up, or a beggar in a crowd scene.

Thirty-five years ago, Father was building up what later became the greatest stock of hair in the world. He imported the best from Europe, and dreamed of one day covering every bald patch in the United States.

The difficulty was of course the reluctance of the average man to appear before his friends suddenly with a thick mop of hair where previously he had none. So Father planned a campaign of his own. He shaved his head, fitted himself with a toupee, and sallied forth.

In restaurants and other public places he would single out the bald heads, walk over, and present their owners with a booklet. Later, to our great embarrassment, he would return to the prospective clients, introduce himself as the author of the booklet, and remove his artificial hair. This demonstration usually had a terrific impact.

One day a woman called at our shop, threw down three wigs made for her husband to suggest three stages of hair growth—just after a hair cut; two weeks later; and in need of a hair cut. She demanded the money back, or threatened to sue. Apparently, hair had made all the difference to her husband's personality. Whereas he had once been docile and home-loving, wearing one of Father's wigs he had taken to stepping out at nights. Now the wife had decided she preferred him as he used to be.

My earliest memory of my father is of his meeting Mother with my two brothers, Davis and Louis, and me, at Los Angeles railway station. That was in 1908, when I was four. We had come from St. Louis, Missouri, where Father had opened a stand at the World Fair in 1904. Swindled of all his money, he had gone ahead of us to Hollywood to see if he could make another start in the film boom town.

He was a generous, affectionate father, who liked nothing better than to have his children round him. He neither smoked nor drank, and he had no interests outside his work and family.

Like my brothers, I went to work with him, filling jars of cream and powder, and peddling them outside the gates of the various studios, as the movie players arrived for work at five every morning. We would then help Father make up the stars.

My brothers and I were responsible for collecting all the wigs and beards after a day's "shooting." In crowd scenes, when hundreds of extras had to

wear wigs, we worked with them to keep an eye on the wigs. As wig-watchers we became veteran extras, trained in the tough school of "Westerns."

In one of Mary Pickford's early films I was given a bit part, because Cecil B. de Mille, the director, decided I was just what he imagined a French peasant boy looked like. De Mille wanted to sign me up as a child actor, but Father stepped in.

"Don't put any ideas into his head," he told the chief. "I've got far bigger plans for him."

Father certainly meant it. When he died in his Beverly Hills home in 1938 he left us a business empire that had spread to eighty-one countries, and influenced the appearance of practically every young woman in the Western world.

Who was the famous father? For his name—and the complete photograph—turn to page 39

DIGBY

Continued from page 21

Pass today. In August, 1550, or some such date, the Kilburnies had been stealing our sheep and poaching our deer, so we lay up there and taught them a lesson. Rough times, rough justice. Served them right."

"I knew that," Digby said. "I felt it the moment I entered the pass. I felt the past and the future too."

Balgersho looked at him. "Odd," he said, "very odd," and seemed to think about that. "Well, Fiona is a professional Highlander—pipers, gatherings, loyal clansmen, tame stags for the monarch, second-sight, pixies, and all the rest of that bloody humbug; and such a moron that she thinks her ancestors stand by her side nursing grudges like so many elephants. A hopeless woman, but I must admit she arouses the beast in me. Does she in you, or am I mistaken?"

"She didn't strike me as being moronic," Digby said rather stiffly.

"She will," said Balgersho. "She will." They had reached the plane. It was dusk. He opened the door, peered at the switches, went round, turned the prop twice and stopped with his hand on the blade as if a thought had struck him. It had. "I say, old boy," he said. "I wonder if you could spare me a fiver for a few days. I'm temporarily out." No diffidence, no reason given.

Never lend money, father used to say. *The more dollars you lend, the more dislike you earn, and the less you get back. Better to give it.* "Why, certainly," Digby said. He selected a crinkly five-pound note.

"Many thanks." Balgersho switched on and swung the prop in earnest. The engine puttered. "I'd better get cracking. No lights. Good night then. Don't let Galbraith browbeat you. He's a frightful old thug." The plane taxied with a few bursts to the end of the field, turned and took off at once.

Digby walked up to the house.

"That you, Digby P.?" called the colonel. "Come on in and have some *pinaka-cheese*—a night-cap, I mean."

Digby went in to drink his own whisky and to listen about India.

The eleventh of August was a day of waiting.

They walked all morning on the twelfth. It was extremely hot; thunder muttered; the haze thickened, dulling bright heather. They climbed on and on through deep old heather, through dark burnt patches. A covey exploded before him and he missed, both barrels, but Fiona downed a brace. It was a relief to mop his brow while MacLagan's black Labrador retrieved the birds. Then they were going through a bog, a damned floundering bog which you could not skirt because of the discipline of line. A snipe rose, grated, zigzagged away over wild cotton, and you got him; you actually got him.

"Good shot," said Fiona.

OH, wonderful words. Her face was flushed, her forehead wet. Today she wore a jacket with her kilt. Today she was in her mountain element.

The line swung at last along a wall on high ground, swung again back south where thunderheads massed black above Kilburnie, brooding.

Fiona came to him with something in her hand. "White heather," she said. "The luck of the Highlands." She stood close to put it in his buttonhole.

"Thank you," Digby said, and he sniffed the faint astringent perfume.

"What the hell are you two doing?" The colonel's irate bellow shattered magic. Fiona moved into line, and they walked again.

They came at one o'clock to the boathouse beside the loch and sat at the water's edge, munching Virginia ham sandwiches.

"You did well, Digby P.," said the colonel.

"Good show, old boy," said Balgersho in his Oxford accent.

MacLagan came over, removed his hat; such feudal dignity. "Twenty-seven and a half brace, four snipe, twelve hares, one black cock," he reported. "I doubt we're to get a storm." Blackness was towering up in the south. "Yonder come the beaters."

A party was approaching on the hill road—one tall man followed by a dozen smaller figures, all dressed alike as kilted boy scouts.

MacLagan turned to go, spoke first a grave encomium to Digby: "Mr. Ross did credit to himself." To *himself*. It was the noblest of praise.

"The Reverend Lachlan McLean," said the colonel. "Fledgling priest, patrol leader. The question is, does he brave the elements to do the daily good turn or to see his lady-love? What do you say, Elspeth? What of your solitary holy swain?"

Elspeth's face, which had been pink from exertion, became crimson.

"Hallo, Padre," the colonel called heartily. "Scouts will be scouts, but I must say it's pretty sporting of you and your merry men to come with that storm brewing. This is Digby P. Ross from America—Mr. McLean."

The minister was a lean and earnest young man, all knobbly bones and angles. Elspeth threw pebbles into the loch. The boy scouts lurked in heather. The first flashes began; thunder was louder and continuous.

The colonel and MacLagan held consultation. "Is it worth waiting, or shall we try to get home with dry skins?"

"We wouldn't," said MacLagan. "The plout would catch us. Best the

beaters shelter here, and the guns down at the Lum Rock."

"Okay," said the colonel. "We'll have to hurry. Dougald, you stay with the beat. Hamish, you can drive us in the Land Rover." Dougald was gardener, chauffeur and general factotum, a sly-looking fellow.

Balgersho drove fast and bumpily downhill to meet the storm. The air stifled.

"Leave the guns here," cried the colonel as a first big drop splashed the windscreen, and they drew up.

They all scampered pell-mell for the Lum, a spire or obelisk of rock. Below it was an open cavern, a shelter of drip and slime and stalagmite.

Digby crouched beside Fiona in discomfort and in chill. A wild wind blew now outside. The tempest, the flat rain driving, a sudden monstrous hiss, blinding light, engulfing, quaking world-ending blatter of Jove's bolt.

"Stop it!" cried Fiona in the reverberating little grotto. "Keep your hands to yourself."

"What's in a tickle?" said the mocking Balgersho voice.

Digby felt Fiona come close to him for refuge. She was shivering faintly, detectably. He surrendered to guilty sensuous titillation while the storm passed overhead and dwindled.

"It'll be clear in five minutes," the colonel said. "We're having one drive," he explained to Digby. "We'll take the four butts nearest the road, and you'd better be on the left, Digby P. Whatever you do, don't shoot along the line."

That hint of patronage, of schoolboys from overseas.

"You need have no anxiety," Digby said stiffly.

They went out. The southern sky was blue above Kilburnie, the air washed clean and cool, the steep land scoured by innumerable rivulets, sippling and gathering into streams.

Fiona was on the right, with Elspeth to mark for her. Next Balgersho, then the colonel, and, on the left, Digby.

FAR away, perhaps a mile, although hard to tell distance in this crystal air, the line of beaters was forming. Flags waved. Was that movement? Yes, they had started now.

The first guttural "*Go-Baack*" sounded. He could see the grouse flying low, dipping and rising over contoured land. They came towards Fiona. They milled and bunched and split, flying at great speed. Her shots sounded. Two birds crumpled, struck ground far behind, bounced. Balgersho fired both barrels, got one.

So it went on. Digby missed four shots running: then he got a bird in front; then he missed five times, then he shot a miraculous right and left. "Good work, Ross!" called Galbraith.

The beaters were near now, in the very centre. It was almost over. No birds could lie in that narrowing strip. Ah, but there were. The covey rose directly before Digby. As they took wing, every handkerchief waved on every stick, every beater's voice shouted in bass or shrill treble. It was tremendously exciting.

But Digby waited cool and collected. If the covey rose high enough, he could shoot safely, for the line of beaters was now a little below his level. Yes, they were rising. They climbed steeply to pass well over the butt. He took his first bird. The head dropped in the sure sign. At that moment the covey changed direction to his right. Still a safe angle for the next butt. He was not at all flurried. He swung into the lead for his second barrel.

It was then that fate played him a dreadful trick. Forefinger was already closing on trigger when the rubber sole of his right boot slipped on wet rock. The shot sounded loud accusation at him as he fell in a heap in the bottom of his butt. *Oh, God!* he thought. *Dear God!*

Silence as he got up. Not a beater's cry, not a grouse's call, nothing but the caress of fresh wind on heather.

"You bloody blank brass-bound blank of a blankety Yank!"

He saw it all and heard it all sharply in horror—Colonel Galbraith, dancing and shouting, holding a hand to the

left side of his face; everyone running, boy scouts, ministers, keepers, MacLagan, Balgersho, Fiona, Elspeth, all converging on the colonel's butt. Digby ran too.

"I'm—I'm terribly sorry."

"Let's have a look," said Balgersho, who had arrived at the same time. He pulled the colonel's hand away and wiped the bloody cheek with his handkerchief. "Not so bad," he said coolly. "Three pellets. Nothing to make a fuss about, Colonel."

"Nothing to make a fuss about," screamed the colonel. "Nothing to make a fuss about when a homicidal maniac shoots me!"

"I'm terribly sorry," Digby said again. His wonderful day lay in ruins. His vacation was spoiled utterly at one stroke. He had committed the unforgivable crime. He could only be humble and go away. "I apologize, Colonel Galbraith. My right foot slipped on wet rock."

"Foot slipped indeed? What bunkum! And anyway, didn't I tell you this morning that your blasted rubber-soled boots were no good on these hills? But would you listen to me? No!" Blood poured down the colonel's mottled cheek in three bright red trickles.

How could I have listened? Digby thought. How could I buy a new pair in the back of beyond in this damn' country? "I'm sorry," he said.

"You accept my hospitality; then you pepper me by way of thanks. You're a bloody menace, you Americans, the whole lot of you."

This was too much to take from any man. As Digby's anger rose, some devil reminded him of a small duckboy who had been shot by an American in India. "Count yourself lucky I didn't pepper you in the bare brown backside!" he remarked icily.

THE colonel's bloodstained jaw slackened, his mouth fell open, his colour became livid, as minister, keepers and boy scouts clattered up in hobnailed boots and formed a circle. There was hostility in every one of those square, mulish, alien faces. The minister tutted. But enmity gave place to bucolic astonishment, for Lord Balgersho had fallen to the ground. "Hoo hoo," he moaned, writhing epileptically. "Backside!" Finally he sat up. He was weeping. "His bare brown backside! Rich! Best thing I ever heard." He buried his head.

MacLagan now intervened. "Awa' wi' ye!" he commanded. "His Lordship aye took pleasure from a laddie in the hurrts of others." He turned to Digby: "Mr. Ross was a disappointment." Then he went over to the colonel. "The laird will take my arm."

"We must give thanks for a truly providential escape from worse disaster," the Reverend Mr. McLean said to Elspeth. She turned her full basilisk attention upon him and he blushed.

"Never mind, Digby," said Fiona. "Dinna fash yersel, as we say." She gave him a friendly smile. She supervised the picking of her birds. And then they all walked over to the road.

Balgersho giggled intermittently. "There's more in you than meets the eye, Digby old boy," he said. "First you pepper him. Then you silence the old beezer utterly, which has never before happened in living memory. It's a triumph."

"Don't fool me," Digby said sadly. "It was a disgraceful thing. I have no alternative but to leave at once."

This had a startling effect on the Highland Chieftains. They made common cause. "But Digby, my dear chap, you can't possibly do that. We're just getting to know you. We like you tremendously already. Don't we, Fiona?"

"Och, yes," she said. "Besides, I was hoping to show you Kilburnie tomorrow. I have so many plans still to make for the Gathering, and people to visit, and I was thinking p'raps you could drive me round."

Digby weakened somewhat at this delicious invitation. Later, he weakened altogether over whisky with the bandaged colonel, whose three pellets had been removed. Unaccountably, Colonel Galbraith treated Digby with a new deference.

The colonel's humility did not last. Next morning at breakfast he was the same old colonel. He wore three unnecessarily large strips of plaster on his left cheek, and he remarked, helping himself to eggs and American bacon: "The last time I was wounded was at Mons in '14—long before you people decided to win the war."

"Where were your wounds that time, Colonel?" Digby asked blandly, having outlined a policy in the restless watches of the night.

Galbraith turned with his plate, shot a glance from piggy little eyes.

"Low down in the back," Elspeth said, making one of her rare contributions to human intercourse.

They ate.

"Excellent bacon."

Then, at the marmalade stage: "What are your plans today, Digby P.? The river's too high."

"Fiona has visits to make about the Gathering. She asked me to drive her around."

"Capital idea. Capital. Watch your step with that girl, though. Full of animal cunning. She smacks of it. Don't she, Elspeth?"

Digby was once more confused by these people. They would speak ill of one another, and then team up and go hunting, shooting, as if enmity was a thing to turn on and off like a tap, when it suited their book.

"What's on your mind, Digby P.?" The colonel's voice was kindly.

"I was thinking how different we are from you," said Digby.

"We're full of sinful hypocrisy and disillusionment, hence honesty," the colonel said. "And you people bubble over with loving simplicity and violence. To you, friendship is a mutual ego society. To us, a friend is quite often a chap we rather dislike. Come to think of it, Digby P., I already detect shameful signs of my acquiring a soft spot for you, even if you do shoot me. Well, I shall go now and see how my giant lily has fared through the storm. Want to come?"

"Yes, indeed," Digby said, pleased by the colonel's reluctant show of affection.

"The truth is we stink with evil, Digby P.," the colonel said as they walked. "You'll be lucky if you get out of this neck of the woods unbesmirched in soul and body. . . . Now isn't that Gigantium marvellous? Did you ever see such a splendid beast of a thing?"

The lily grew in a dark, lush place, the stalk as thick as a man's clenched fist, the colour a sunless green, the height some six feet. It was a fecund-looking plant, truly a splendid beast of a thing.

He inspected it closely. "Quite unharmed," he muttered. "I can't be certain yet, but I hope, I very much hope he's going to flower this year at last. Bloom, beast! Bloom!"

They moved back to the path. A blue-clad figure was bicycling away from the house. "There goes the postie," said the colonel. The mail was on a tray in the hall. "Here's one for you, Digby P."

IT was a large Ross Corporation envelope, marked "Airmail." Digby put his fingers into the flap, then thought better of it. He had said that only personal letters were to be forwarded. He walked all the way through the musty old house to the privacy of his own room. This envelope from home jolted him painfully out of the romantic present.

There were two letters and a typed covering note from Miss Prendergast. It was quite a sweet little note. Digby was touched. He had not given a thought to faithful Miss Prendergast since the day of his arrival.

The second was from Jake Doon. But now the third one. He turned it over and back, put it down, picked it up. It was thin. "Oh hell," he said, ripping it open:

"My dear Digby,

Thank you for your letter explaining your Scottish plans. I hope you are having a very rewarding time. It will be nice for you to be on your own at last.

Polly has been kindness itself. She understands so well what a bitter shock all this has been to me after the years. But if I have failed—and any woman must look on the wreckage of her marriage as a failure—I am finding a sanctuary of loneliness now—opportunities to browse over the old books, to contemplate, to think of the meanings of life, and to realize with pain that our time together was a mockery. Please understand that I am not bitter. I ask only that we come graciously to the parting of our ways.

Madeleine."

"Dear Lord Almighty!" Digby cried, throwing the thing away. "Of all the pompous, sanctimonious, phoney hypocrisy. Think of anyone writing that stuff. Think of it!"

The parting of our ways! That means divorce, doesn't it? And do I care? Do I give one little damn when I see that other face vividly before me now? No, I do not.

Digby did not care. But he was sad when he remembered their good times together, or times that had seemed good. He sat for a while in the arm-chair in his hideous bedroom at Glendrogan, waiting to drive over to see Fiona Kilburnie, burning to burn his boats, but remembering.

* * *

They sat together in the Bloody Gorge. Ten feet below them the dark river scudded. Beyond was sheer cliff. Behind, the scree rose steeply to broken rock. Above that a precipice. And on and on, the soft rising, falling of Fiona's story, and no sun.

"They rolled the muckle rocks," she said quietly, with a backward

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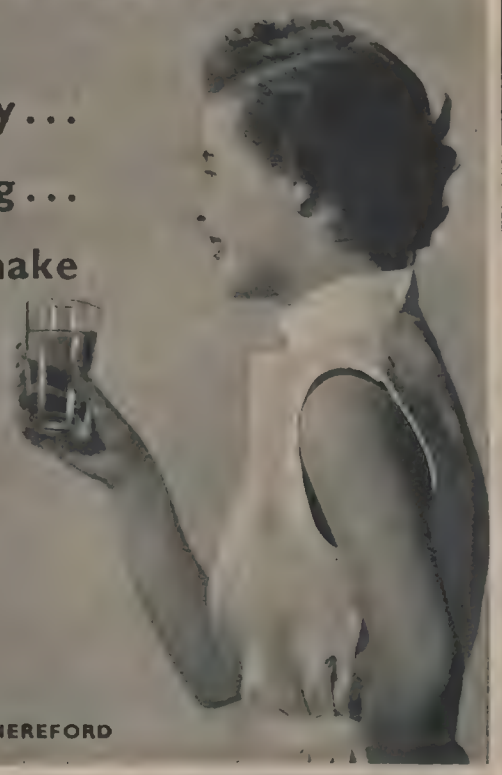

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sweep of her arm, wrist arched, fingers spread. "That was for confusion. Then the cursed Tarrs came down the scree, fifty men to our thirty, armed with the broadsword and us an innocent hunting party. They butchered every living soul among us—Kilburnie himself, Malcolm, Younger of Kilburnie, the clansmen. They hurled the dead, dismembered corpses into the river." She pointed her long scarlet-tipped finger at the dark water. "But that blood was never washed away."

Fiona sighed. She looked at Digby. "Now it was," she said, "at this hour of an August evening. Fiona Kilburnie was just a lassie at the time—sixteen years old and bonny—and she and her distant cousin Ian were dreaming in first love on the heather bank up there beyond the gorge. They heard the screams and murderous yells. Fiona guessed at once it was a Tarr ambush.

"She drew her dirk—she was allowed a small one, being the chieftain's daughter—and called on Ian to run with her to the rescue. 'No, Fiona!' the laddie cried. 'They'll kill you. Let me go!' But she was away already with a toss of her hair. It was just the colour of mine, they say. And she and Ian ran side by side down to sure death to this very place in the gorge. The Tarrs saw her coming just as the last body toppled in the water, just as the first rays of the sun struck in from the west through her bright hair streaming, dirk flashing for revenge. They thought it was God sending vengeance in a woman's shape. They fled.

"Her father was dead, and her brother, too, but Fiona had triumphed. The surviving Kilburnies made her chieftain. From that day to this the head of the clan can be man or woman."

"It's a wonderful story," Digby said. "A terrible story." They walked westwards from that place of gallant memory. "Did the boy—Ian, I think you called him—did Ian and Fiona marry?"

"Yes," she said. "They were married, and he took the Kilburnie name. He had been born Ian Prissitulchan."

"What?" said Digby.

"Ian Prissitulchan. Why, Digby?"

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing at all. Rather an unusual name, though, or is it common around here?"

"No. The Prissitulchans are all dead and gone, died out long since. They used to live down near Perthshire, just the one family."

THEY had driven fifty miles since morning in a great circle over Kilburnie land, over a high road near the topmost limit of the heather. They had stopped many times by the wayside for Fiona to speak her summons to the Gathering. Then they had left the domain and visited Crummock on catering matters. Now the work was over.

"Tell me, Digby," she said, sitting away off, curled up lazily, pussily in the corner. "You have a wife, do you not?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I do," and because it seemed a bald answer to such a question: "She's spending August on the Maine coast, at a place called Bar Harbour."

"What like is she?"

That intoxicating inversion. "Madeleine is dark," Digby said. "About your height but. . . ." What was the word? *Slimmer?* No, definitely not right. Less well-developed? Couldn't say that. "But she's more slightly built."

"D'you mean I'm stocky?"

"No," Digby said too loudly. "You have a swell figure."

Fiona chuckled, rubbing her shoulder-blades to and fro just a little towards him and away from him on the leather.

"It *is* good," she admitted, and went on: "You're a grand figure of a man. I'd like to see you in the kilt. How many wives have you had altogether, Digby?"

"Only one," he said, a little put out; but he made a joke of it. "You sound like you thought I was a Mormon."

"Och no!" she said. "I just meant Americans always seem to be going off to Reno and those places you read about; the lucky things to be able to afford it." She sighed a long sigh.

"Tell me about yourself," Digby said desperately because he could not stand it. "Why haven't you married long ago?" Then he was afraid she might be angry with him for saying "long ago" like that.

But she was not angry. "Well," she said, "the war started when I was just eighteen and I felt I had to do my bit so I joined the Wrens. I was stationed away over at Oban the whole war and the sailors were coming and going all the time and I must say there's something about sailors I do like very much. But I never seemed to fall in love, really in love, I mean, perhaps because there were so many unhappy boys to be nice to after those awful long convoys. I did my very best."

AGAIN Fiona sighed. "I'll have to get married one of these days, though, for the sake of the clan, but it gets harder and harder to make a choice because I do like men so much, and whenever I see a really braw man I want to be nice to him so I'm afraid of making a mistake. Love isn't being bad, is it, Digby—except with an enemy? Do you like love, Digby?"

"Very much," he said. The last querulous murmur of conscience fled like the Tarrs of Balgersho.

They were coming to the Birks. Digby had been there that morning, but seeing it again now for the second time in late sunlight, he was even more impressed and staggered. It was an enormous palace of dome and castellated tower, of fountain and terraced steps, by far the largest mansion he had ever seen. But the panes were streaked, the fountains did not play, the grass grew rankly. Only in the square bastion of the East Tower were windows clean; and from a high flagstaff flew the standard of Kilburnie, a golden stag upon a green background.

"Here we are," said Fiona Kilburnie of the Birks. She yawned and stretched on the seat of the Cadillac, body arched, long fingers spread. "Oh, I'm so happy and hungry and thirsty for a dram."

"Which would you prefer?" he said. "Scotch or Bourbon? I have both."

"Bourbon," she said. "I always try new things. It's like people."

He removed a case of Old Grand Dad and they entered.

"The Tower's in four storeys," Fiona explained. "My bedroom's on the second floor, and Nanny's is on the third, and there's a flat roof at the very top where I sunbathe all by myself, not wearing a stitch on fine days."

They climbed stairs and into a big room, a lovely room with deep embrasured windows on three sides. "We could take some of your whisky now, Digby, if you like. Here's a hammer to open the box. I'll get glasses."

Digby knelt and set about the case with a clawed hammer. The corner board split and rose with a squeak of nails. He drew out a straw-girded bottle.

"And would this be the Mr. Ross my Fiona was talking about? A fine gentleman from over the water, was what she said to me."

Digby stood up. A smiling old lady stood at the door. She was plump, her cheeks as red as Mackintosh apples, her hair grey. It must be Nanny.

He stood up to shake hands. Fiona brought glasses and water and they drank Bourbon sitting side by side on the sofa. "It's the most different taste," she said. "Terribly nice and strong. Let's drink lashions to work up a huge appetite while Nanny gets the cold grouse and strawberries. We'll have it on a tray in here, then I'll take you round the rest of the house, Digby. Would you like that?"

"Suits me," Digby said. "That

would be swell. Anything you say at all, Fiona." He was reaching the end of his second four ounces, keeping pace with her. She drank wholeheartedly, like a man. She did everything, well, almost everything, like a man and much better than a man and she was the most womanly wonderful woman.

Nanny panted up and put the trays in front of them. "There!" she said. "A whole grouse each, and thick cream to the strawberries, and my own bread baked this forenoon. Is there anything else Mr. Ross would fancy?"

"Not a thing. This is perfect, thank you, Nanny. The best-looking dinner I ever had in my life."

"Go away upstairs," said Fiona. She seemed to treat the old dear with scant consideration.

"I'll wait a wee minute," Nanny announced calmly. She perched herself on the arm of a chair. "I like fine to see my Bebby eat a bird in the fingers."

Digby had copied Fiona's example, and as he bit into the succulent breast of grouse he watched her sink white teeth into hers, the rippling line of jawbone, the honest animal grace of back of the hand wiped across mouth.

Nanny sighed. "It's nice for my Bebby and me to have a chentleman the like of Mr. Ross to dinner in the house." She waddled off.

"Has she been with you all your life?" Digby asked.

"From the month," Fiona said. "The old bezzom's fair daft about men." She laid down the last bared bone and sucked her fingers, pop, one by one.

"There's no two ways about it," she remarked later. "Grouse and strawberries make a marriage, and such a pity you only get them together for a week or two because of the seasons."

"I guess I've eaten too much. That was a delicious supper."

"I could start all over again," Fiona said. "I'm not a bit full. Look!" She stood in profile, the line of her waist a perfect flatness in the concavity between pointer of hip bone and challenge of breast. She gave him her hand. "Come on then, Digby. Let's go round."

She took a bunch of keys off a hook on the panelled wall, and he followed her into the main house.

"The East Tower is thirteenth century," Fiona explained. "But this part was rebuilt and made huge in the nineteenth when the building races were on. Everyone tried to have the biggest house and we beat them all including the Balgershos. It's a very handy place, really. It could easily be done up if I had the money." She glanced at him and walked on. Her stout right shoe crunched out of sight into the hardwood flooring. She stumbled and swore.

"Is that dry rot?" he asked. It could hardly be anything else.

"Och, no. Just a few bad planks." They had gone downstairs and were coming back eastwards: he could tell from the long shadows of oak and elm in the park. Grass grew outside above the bottom of the windows.

"This is the ballroom," Fiona said, opening one half of a double door. It was an immense chamber, a hundred feet long at least, with three straight walls and a long graceful bow of windows on the outside. "All the Kilburnies," she said, waving a hand at portraits in double rows. "They're needing to be restored, some of them. Here's the Fiona who routed the Balgershos I was telling you about." Digby looked at the face, which was hardly more than a visible oval in murky canvas. Was there a likeness? There might be or there might not be. Fiona stopped in the middle of the room.

"The great chandelier weighs half a ton. Listen!" She picked up a long staff which lay conveniently to hand, stretched on tiptoe and tapped the chandelier smartly. A myriad facets sparkled in the evening light; there was clinking trill as a thousand slivers of glass made musical frolic.

"But the most unusual thing about it is the Cairngorm. Come here, Digby, and I'll show you. You have to stand right under the very centre and look up. No, come closer. Don't worry, Digby, it won't fall. It never has yet."

"You really ought to see it in the spring"

But Digby was not worrying lest the chandelier should fall. He stood over against Fiona, touching her in just two places, and then a third—hips meeting for support and balance—as they craned their necks back to see the noble Cairngorm which was an amber jewel in the very heart and root of a twinkling city of glass. "I can see it," he said against his Adam's apple. It was a difficult pose to hold; yet he would not break it.

She found that difficulty too, for she tottered, grasped at his shoulders to save herself, and he to save himself, and both to save one another. Their chins came together, one bristly and one limpid soft, stayed, breath mingling, then rolled down over into first kiss in silence except for the dwindling fairy tintinnabulation overhead.

Time was a waterfall until Fiona disentangled herself. "How did it happen, Digby?" she murmured, "Just suddenly out of the blue and us never dreaming of it. Did you like it, Digby?"

"Like it!" he said, seizing her again, but she broke away from him. She was strong. "I'll say I liked it."

"I knew you would. Oh Digby, and you married and everything. So wicked of us but you do kiss beautifully. *What's that?*"

It was a man's voice calling in the distance. "Hamish!" she snarled, angry in the twinkling of an eye. "He *would* come now. Wait here, Digby, while I sort him."

He watched her stride down through the ballroom, kilt-pleats swinging, lifting, falling, swaying. The key rasped; the door opened; he was alone.

Fiona was away a long time. What was Balgersho up to? Digby didn't trust him, wouldn't trust him an inch in love or war. He made one of his quick decisions. He walked on rubber-soled shoes down the ballroom and into the East Tower. He heard voices outside.

"Fair's fair, Hamie," she was saying. "Fair do's."

"But that's just what I'm saying, you beautiful idiot. All profits on a fifty-fifty basis. Otherwise cut-throat competition. Then I'll run rings round you."

"Stop it, Hamie! Oh, all right then, except for the Gathering. But I'll not share on that. The Gathering's sacred."

"Sacred my foot," he said, "but okay, I agree. No treachery though. If you do me down, I'll. . . ."

Digby cleared his throat and walked heavily towards them.

"Here's Digby," she said more loudly.

"Hallo, old boy," said Balgersho. "Fancy seeing you. What's she been doing to you?" He smiled his disreputable smile.

"She's been giving me an excellent cold dinner," Digby said. He wished this smart-alecky peer of the busted realm would go away.

"I say, old boy, I wonder if you could possibly do me a favour? That miserable little kite packed up on me just along the road. I only got into the field by the skin of my eye-teeth. Do you think you could possibly lend me your car till tomorrow morning?"

"Why certainly," Digby said at once. "Provided there's some way I can get back," he added to dispel any wrong impressions.

"I could lend Digby the Austin," Fiona said.

"Many thanks, then. I suppose the key's in the car." Lord Balgersho loped over to the Cadillac, turned with his hand on the door and said: "Fair do's, remember, Queenie." He drove off smoothly.

"You'll be lucky if you see that again," Fiona said, but she sighed with relief. "Thank goodness he's gone. Shall we go and have a drink of your lovely whisky now, Digby?"

"Lead me to it."

By leaps and fair division the level in the Bourbon bottle sank to the bottom while Highland evening passed into Highland night and the moon rose over mountains to the south.

"Digby!"

"Mmmmmmm?"

"You'll help me over the Gathering, won't you?"

"Sure, sure."

"Would you like to go up on the roof for a minute?"

"'Kay."

"Wait then. I'll call you."

He sat alone.

"Digby!" He ran up the carpeted stairs. She stood on the next dim landing and took his hand. "I was so hot," Fiona murmured. "Wearing all those things." She rustled beside him as they climbed past a light-chinked door and came at last on to the roof. It was a long robe of thin soft-touching silk. She murmured softly: "Now kiss me again. . . . Is that better?"

Was it better! Better than anything. Better than anything in his whole life had been, her body warm beneath the thin silk gown.

"Come here. I want to show you the amphitheatre. There! Do you see where the rocks are shining this side of the hill? That's the place of the Gathering of Clan Kilburnie. There they all pass before me in review."

She shivered suddenly. "I'm cold, Digby. Put your arms round me."

After a few minutes they went down and into her room where a fire now burned, her kilt and other things lay in disorder on the ample bed. She threw them all down. There was a shaded light in a corner.

Digby's head was going round and his heart was going round, bump, bump. He opened his mouth to speak, but Fiona put a hand across his lips.

"Oh, Digby is my darling," she sang contralto in the dim strong night. "Oh, Digby is my darling, my darling, my darling. Oh Digby is my darling, my young Chevalier." She could sing, too.

It was late, too late. "Well, you'll have to be going," she said. "It's late, Digby P. Ross." And she murmured the name again. "Digby P. Ross. It's such a rich, solid sort of name. What does the P. stand for, Digby?"

I knew she would ask me. I knew it ever since this afternoon, behind the pleasure and delirium. Some instinct told her it was important.

"Digby Prissitulchan Ross," he said. Prissy Ross at his first school, just prissy enough always afterwards to be afraid of a funny public label on the road through life.

Fiona sat up in tousled glory beside him. "Prissitulchan!" she cried, rasping the dry sound through her throat. "My Prissitulchan! I knew there was some reason. Oh Digby, but we're cousins! Why didn't you tell me?"

"I don't use the name," he said. Might as well be honest. "Prissy means sort of priggish in America. And of course I had no idea about that story. You see, my grandfather was a shepherd's son, and he emigrated back in the sixties. It was his middle name too, and my father's, and we never traced the lineage or where we came from except it was Scotland." He got up. He was shy about the whole business. He wished he had not told her.

"The marvellous thing about it," Fiona said, sitting with her chin on her knees, "is that now you're a blood relation, I can ask you to really help me over the Gathering. I can ask for much more. You see, I'm absolutely broke, Digby darling, and we must make it a success with my clansmen coming from the four corners of the earth. How much can you manage?"

"Would a hundred pounds be any help?"

"It would be a great help." Grateful but not ecstatic.

"I could make it two. I'd be delighted if you would accept two hundred."

"Oh, thank you, Digby. Thank you a thousand times for being so generous and sweet. Oh, Digby, do you know what would be wonderful? To march at my side at the Gathering, like my Prince Consort, like the old Ian Prissitulchan who charged with the old Fiona Kilburnie. And perhaps you could make a speech. My clansmen would be terribly thrilled. Can you make speeches, Digby?"

"Yes," he said. He was an extremely good speaker actually, as everybody said. He felt better again and wonderfully mad or daft. "I can make speeches and shoot grouse and pepper that corny old colonel and do the hat-trick and make love to you and write an ode. I can do anything you like, anything at all. Let's have a quick drink before I go."

As it turned out, they had two big drams each from another bottle. "*Schlanch,*" she said at the second one. "That means: good health, my Digby."

"*Skol,*" he said cleverly. "That means the same. *Skol,* my Fiona." He felt so good that he sang it.

She studied him. "You're all right are you, Digby? You haven't had too

much? You're not a wee thing fu', as we say?"

"Certainly not." Fiona herself was manifestly cold sober, and she was only a woman and he was a strong man, so he was sober. He did feel fine though. He felt tremendously happy and pleased with himself. She went downstairs with him to the door.

In the garage he tried to start the car. The starter would not work. Digby cranked and cranked and cranked; not a spark of life. He leaned against the wall, out of breath, not used to winding cars. "I guess I'd better walk," he panted. Things were going round a bit.

"You could take Nanny's bike," Fiona said. "Can you ride one?"

"Ride a bike?" It was twenty-odd years since he had ridden a bicycle. But once learned never forgotten. "Sure I can ride a bike."

"Mr. Ross is taking your bike, Nanny." The old woman had appeared from somewhere. "Got a lamp?"

Nanny had no lamp.

"I don't need one," Digby said. "Plenty silvery moon."

"It's not that," Fiona explained. "It's Constable McIntoon. Our bobby is an absolutely gudgey stinker out in the wee small hours trying for promotion."

"If I see him," Digby said, "I shall either hop off or ride him down according to my mood."

"Which reminds me," she said. "I must get a good night's rest. I'm on the Bench with Uncle Farquhar tomorrow."

He embraced her once more, finally, grasped handlebars and found the pedals.

"Be careful," she said.

"Careful?" he said loudly. "Careful! Caution ne'er stormed a fortress in life's battle." It was the codification of his new philosophy. "Good night, Fiona, my queen, my distant cousin. Thanks a million. Thanks more than I can say for everything. Good night, Nanny. Thanks for the bike."

He mounted and wobbled off with dignity. No, he had not lost the art.

CONSTABLE ANGUS MCINTOON believed that man was made for law, and McIntoon was its instrument. As a desk policeman in a city constabulary he might have been a paragon; as a constable in a succession of lackadaisical country districts in Crummockshire he was a menace. He never made a mistake. He followed the inexorable path of duty. He was the most unpopular bobby in living memory.

He waited now at 2.15 a.m. on the fourteenth of August. His bicycle lay hidden in a bed of nettles. He himself sat in shadow at the north end of the old bridge. The river was wide here, a fisherman's path running along each bank. In the light of the moon he could see half a mile upstream to the right, downstream to the left.

The constable was not here for beauty's sake. He was here because last week he had observed a small puppy-dog chewing at a salmon's head. McIntoon missed nothing; he had not missed this object outside the cottage of Donny Cleghorn, an inveterate poacher.

But a salmon's head was not evidence enough to lay charges. For that, you had to catch the poacher red-handed. So, every night since, the constable had lurked.

But crime did not come along the river. It came down the narrow road from the Birks. It came first in the shape of a bicycle without a lamp, it came second in the shape of a most erratic progress clearly visible in moonlight—the rider fell off, picked himself up, mounted and wobbled nearer. It came third in the shape of loud shoutings, then offensive, strangely alien song, then fierce animal cries.

Constable McIntoon crouched in the shadows beyond the bridge. He gripped the baton, symbol and weapon of his office. Twelve years he had been the guardian of justice. Perhaps now at last this early morning he would stride on to a sergeant's stripes. He licked his lips, formulating charges.

To be continued next week

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

TO COURT A KANGAROO

Continued from page 15

lost all interest in the broader aspects of Pacific affairs and became specific. "Would you like to see a film or something tonight?"

"It's too warm for the pictures," Jill said. "Let's go for a drive."

One up on Roger, Alec thought.

After dinner Jill got the car out of the garage.

Settling back in the front seat, Alec was immediately aware of the smell of eucalyptus close to his ear. He turned his head and stared full into the face of Mick, chewing on gum leaves and eyeing him without favour.

"He'll enjoy the ride," Jill said. "He won't disturb us."

"He doesn't mind playing gooseberry?" Alec said.

Jill smiled. "I don't think he's ever given it a thought."

They drove down to Manly, then north along the beaches from there and finally parked at Whale Beach. Before them the ocean was a silver sheet under the high moon; behind them Mick munched on his leaves.

"I think I'm going to like this country," Alec said, looking at Jill.

"You're not giving a thought to the country," said Jill, with the matter-of-fact air of a girl who had seen this situation before. "What are your intentions, Mr. Gray?"

"Do you care?" said Alec, devil-may-care as a weekend roué.

"No," said Jill. "But Mick does."

ALEC stopped his progress towards Jill and looked over his shoulder. Mick had stopped chewing and was leaning forward with the air of a kangaroo who had had years of experience as a chaperone.

"Don't try to kiss me, Alec," said Jill. "He won't like it."

"Is he jealous or just strait-laced?"

"Maybe he just likes to keep a fatherly eye on me," said Jill.

Alec lay back resignedly. "What shall we talk about? Are you interested in Pacific affairs?"

"Why, were you just trying to start one?" said Jill.

Alec grinned and, at great risk, put a hand on Jill's. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Mick lean forward, but the kangaroo was evidently prepared to let him go that far. It sat back in its seat, still alert but otherwise making no effort to interfere.

When they got home, Jill drove the car into the garage. She took Mick down to his sleeping-pen, then came back to Alec, standing at the back door.

"That's probably the same moon we have back home," said Alec.

"Probably," said Jill, and put her arms about his neck and kissed him. "Good night, Alec."

Then she had gone inside and Alec was left alone with the moon and the sound of Mick scratching furiously, like a cheated chaperone, to get out of his pen. Alec waved a derisive hand in the direction of the bottom of the garden and went in to bed. *Two up on Roger*, was his last thought before he dropped off to sleep.

But if Roger knew Alec had scored two tries on him, he gave no hint of it. He would arrive every other night in a rush, blown in by the gale of his own personality, and proceed to take over the house with all the self-confidence of a jovial bailiff.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! How's the star boarder?"

"Still alive. How's the insurance game?" Alec had soon learned that Roger was in insurance; Roger was not one to pass up a prospective client, even a man who might conceivably be his rival in love.

"Couldn't be better! Changed your mind, eh? How'll you feel if you're run over tomorrow by a tram and you have no insurance, eh?"

"Pretty cut up, I suppose."

Roger would let out a roar of laughter, then gallop down the garden to tender his greetings to Mick. There was no visible evidence that Mick was softening in his attitude toward humanity, but Alec had to admit Roger was a trier. He knew he didn't have the patience himself to court the kangaroo before he began courting Jill. Life was too short for such a roundabout way to a girl's heart.

But he did manage to take Jill out a couple of times without the handicap of Mick's company. Each time they came home she allowed him to kiss her, he having regained the initiative, but he had no idea who was leading in the race to be the man in her life, himself or Roger.

"I haven't felt like this before," he said one night after he'd kissed her.

"Don't rush me, Alec," she said. "We still don't know each other."

"Does that matter? We'd have plenty of time for knowing each other later on."

"No," she said. "I rushed into two engagements without really knowing the men. Fortunately, I found out in time."

"Found out what?" Alec said.

"That they couldn't stand Mick." She looked up at him. "Do you like him?"

Her eyes reflected the stars; her lips were like a crushed rose in the moonlight; he would have shaken hands with her pet hedgehog, if she'd had one.

"I love him," he said.

But in the bright light of next morning he had his doubts. Mick, standing behind Jill's chair at the breakfast table, didn't look like a kangaroo who wanted to be loved.

Alec paid little attention to the lectures at the university that day. He knew now that he was in love with Jill, and from the encouragement she had given him he suspected she felt somewhat the same way about him. But if she hadn't committed herself about how she felt towards him, she had certainly committed herself about how she felt towards Mick. Any man who loved her, had to love her kangaroo. And for that reason Roger was still in the running.

In the days that followed he tried to bring himself to be cordial towards Mick, while Roger blew into the house every other night like a too-frequent monsoon. Roger seemed bent on enticing Mick back on to speaking terms with the rest of the animal kingdom. Any attention that he paid to Jill seemed only incidental, as if it were nothing more than a diversion to make Mick jealous. Mick appeared as if he couldn't care less.

"Sometimes I wish Mick *would* bite him," Dad Dombert confided to Alec one evening. "I can't stand a bar of him. All that big, and I don't think he could knock over a sick jockey. Once, I asked him if he'd ever done any boxing and he said, no, it wasn't good insurance." Dad Dombert spat disgustedly into a bowl of pussy willow. "If Jill married him, I'd disown her."

"Has Roger ever tried talking you into insuring Mick?" Alec asked reflectively.

"Who'd wanna insure *him*?"

"Insurance men will insure anything. And Roger professes to love Mick like a brother. So why *wouldn't* he want to insure him?"

"Search me," Dad Dombert said.

NEXT evening Alec decided Roger's hand had to be forced. A solution to the problem of Mick could wait; first, Roger had to be eliminated or his intentions exposed. So Alec began to let Roger know there was more than casual competition for Jill's hand. He sat on the arm of Jill's chair, played with the back of her neck, talked of taking her to a symphony Saturday night, then said he had better be getting to bed. He leaned over, kissed Jill good night with the absent-minded air of a man already married, then left the room. Behind him he was aware of Roger and Mick eyeing him with equal suspicion.

Next morning at breakfast Jill said, "Why the performance last night?"

"Just an experiment," said Alec airily. "Did you mind?"

"Only that once you'd gone, Roger began to think he was Stewart Granger. Got very masterful and romantic."

"That's what we want," said Alec, and looked over his shoulder at Mick leaning against the sideboard. "Don't we, Mick?"

Mick gave Alec the disgusted look of a kangaroo who has just seen his first traitor.

That evening Alec repeated his performance. After Roger had gone booming off in his car, Jill knocked on Alec's door. "Roger's asked me to marry him."

"Good," said Alec.

Jill looked at him as if he'd just sold her to the Caliph of Baghdad. "Good? Is that all you care? You want to marry me off—oh, you men!" And she turned and ran along the hall to her own room and slammed the door. Alec stood hesitating, then abruptly he shut his own door and went to bed. This was a gamble, but it had to be seen through to the end.

Next morning Mick had disappeared. Jill had hysterics in despair, Dad had three whiskies in celebration, and Alec remained calm. He phoned Roger, and the latter arrived half an hour later in a screech of brakes and a well-simulated agony of sympathy for Jill.

He stood with his arm about her, patting her bowed shoulders. "I can't imagine life without the three of us together. We'll get him back, dear. Somehow!" And he jutted his jaw not very convincingly.

"We'd better," said Alec, and took a paper from his pocket and held it up. "Otherwise your company will have to pay out five hundred pounds. Dad and I insured him at your head

office the other day—against accident or theft."

Roger blanched, a rare feat with insurance men, but quickly recovered. "This looks pretty suspicious to me. A kangaroo insured, then two days later it disappears."

"Yes, I know," said Alec blandly. "Your company won't like the look of it, especially when you've been such a constant visitor here."

Roger blanched again. "I'll go back to the office. I'll get our investigators on the job right away. Leave it to me——" And he had gone.

"Quick, the car!" Alec hissed, and he and Dad went out the back door like Oxford threequarters heading for the winning try against Cambridge. As they roared the car down the side drive, Jill was waiting at the gate for them. She leaped aboard.

"I don't know what you two are up to, but I'm coming!"

Roger's car had just turned the corner at the end of the street. They followed him, keeping a hundred yards behind him, and gradually the outskirts of the city dropped behind them.

"He's going a long way round to the head office," said Jill.

THEY were well out into the bush when Roger turned off into a side road. Alec followed. Ahead of them through the trees they saw Roger pull up in front of a small, dilapidated shack. He got out, then looked back and saw the Domberts' car coming up the road. He looked wildly around, then he panicked and began to run.

Alec left the wheel to Dad Dombert, hit the ground running and caught Roger before the latter had gone thirty yards. It was a beautiful tackle, but Roger, hitting the ground with his face, didn't appreciate it.

Alec got up, looking down at the inert form of Roger, then trotted back to the shack. There, Jill was embracing Mick, both of them with tears in their eyes, and Dad was listening to a gnarled old man who looked glad to be getting rid of Mick.

"That bloke," said the man, pointing to the heap that was Roger, "brought the 'roo here and said he'd pay me ten bob a week just to keep it out here. Cripes, ten quid wouldn't have been enough! I never seen such an animal."

"I know just what you mean, mate," said Dad Dombert.

Jill still had her arms about Mick. She looked at Alec and her eyes were shining. "Oh, he'll never be able to thank you! He's your friend for life."

Alec looked across at Mick, then put out his hand. Mick, a little hesitant, going against the grain of years, put out a paw and shook hands with a human.

"I think we're all going to be very happy," said Alec, and put his other arm about Jill.

"And what about him?" said the gnarled old man, jerking a thumb at the still-unconscious Roger.

"Tell him he oughta sell himself some insurance," said Dad Dombert. "He could do with it." THE END

LIFE WITH FATHER

Here is the missing person from the photograph on page 34. He is Max Factor, of cosmetics fame, at work in Hollywood with his son Max.

ONE LAST WEEK TO WIN A TRIP TO THE ALPS!

ALREADY as many as seventy-six readers have been JOHN BULL's guests on holiday in Switzerland. Among them last summer were Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Huntley, of 102 Longley Road, London, S.W.17. "We have enjoyed the most glorious holiday of our lives!" they said.

Now, lasting one week only, comes your final opportunity of 1953 to win a big *Bullets* cheque, plus a £100 trip to the Alps—all for two, three or four well-chosen words which you can think of in the next ten minutes! Note this, too Your first *Bullet* this week needs no fee, so make good use of this holiday privilege and see that your coupon below is posted by Monday, August 10.

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(Cash offer in lieu if winner unable to take trip.)

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Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

FINE HOLIDAY OFFER FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 849**

1. The kind fitted on cars serves various purposes
2. Frequent change of this checks steady progress
5. There may be a rush for a new one even if it's not boosted
7. There's a type of crank who's this
10. Loose one calls for quick action
11. To be attractive to young man, girl shouldn't be too full of
13. Time this lasts may perhaps hold up your work
14. This is something that is cast

Down Clues

1. Commonly used by engravers
3. Some people seem to have little use for these on holiday
4. It's possible that old crock may prove to be
6. May be capable of giving one a serious turn
8. If match goes the whole way, both boxers are likely to get this
9. It's a nuisance when one simply won't work
12. Won't be so easy to follow if it's underground

£100 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS **£25 SEASIDE HOLIDAY**

(If prize Gifted, £25 Holiday Cash similarly divided)

AWARDS VALUE £25

among 1st Runners-up and up to

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Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES —one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 844 RESULT

WINNING WORDS, ACROSS: 1, Brass. 4, Patrol. 7, Paw. 8, Boots. 9, Bend. 13, Box. 14, Money. 15, Pen. DOWN: 2, Grate. 3, Blood. 5, Cub. 6, More. 10, Nation. 11, Ride. 12, Peke.

FIVE £100 SHARERS: F. Dowling, 4 Church Cotts., Easton-in-Gordano, Bristol; T. J. Minto, 65 Biggar Road, Cleland, Motherwell; A. H. Palmer, School House, Combe Hay, Bath; Mrs. L. Revans, 77 Powerscourt Road, Portsmouth; W. C. Waterman, 39 Kenton Park Cres., Harrow, Middx. Winners also share £25 Holiday Cash.

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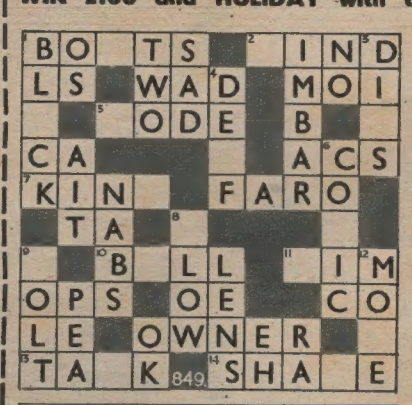

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **849** Closing Postmark MON., AUG. 10

I enclose P.O. value ..... No.....

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated August 22.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry requiring not more than 16 entries. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Man Marches On, But
Voice Of Truth
Feverish World
Worries Us
Trouble In The Kremlin
Light Of Her Life
Time To Shout
The Waving Corn
Not Enough
From The Cradle
Wondering Why
Out To Kill
Whistling
Broke The Record
With Awe And Envy
Treat For Grandma
Stately Home
He Used His Head And
Old Dobbin
At The Cocktail Party

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

All Round The .....
A Hard.....
Served.....Right
In The Spiv's .....
Untold .....
Turned The..... Off

NOTE. — You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry - fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

YOUR FIRST "BULLET" FREE THIS WEEK

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,897 (or Xword 849), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"Bullets" Winners 1,892

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Seaside Holiday: C. F. Shipley, 12 Wingate Road, Liverpool:

Woman At Work
I Leave—I Greet!

£25: G. Walker, 111 Jalland Street, Hull: TO GET TO THE TOP—OF TREE, *Friendless*—FRUITLESS!

£20: Miss L. Millings, 16 Parklands Court, Gt. West Road, Hounslow, Middx: OUR OWN HOME—EVERY "*Millstone*" OF IT!

OTHER AWARDS: £15: J. Richards, 132 Flemming Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea: UNITED WE STAND, SO—LONG AS "HOUSE" *Divides*. £10: H. Curno, 13 Southern Road, Plaistow, London, E.13: WOMAN AT WORK—UNPAID, UNSUNG—UNHAPPY?—*Unusual*! £9: E. Cobb, 4 Gloucester Street, Sheffield: AT THE HOLIDAY CAMP—BOSS—HAPPY MR. *Nobody*! £8: W. Lapish, 10 Wensor Avenue, Lenton Abbey, Nottingham: LOOKS HOPEFUL — RUSSIA'S "PUPPETS" LOOSENING STRINGS. £7: Mrs. I. Howard, 88 Weston Road, Strood, Rochester: STRAIGHT TO THE BOSS—THERE GOES THE "SNAKE"! £6: F. Randall, "Alauna," Lonywinci, Rhiwbina, Cardiff: AT THE HOLIDAY CAMP—SEA SEEMED "OLD-FASHIONED"! £5: Miss M. C. Holmes, 104 Broadway, Walsall: DIDN'T SEE THE LADY'S—SIGNAL, BECAUSE DISPARAGING *Driving*!

10 Prizes of £2 10s., 50 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated August 29, and in JOHN BULL dated September 5), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, August 22, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,697 result.)

EXAMPLE	FREE
BULLET	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	

NOTE BONUS OFFER ABOVE for FULLY COMPLETED COUPON

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address.....

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1,897 Closing Postmark MON., AUG. 10

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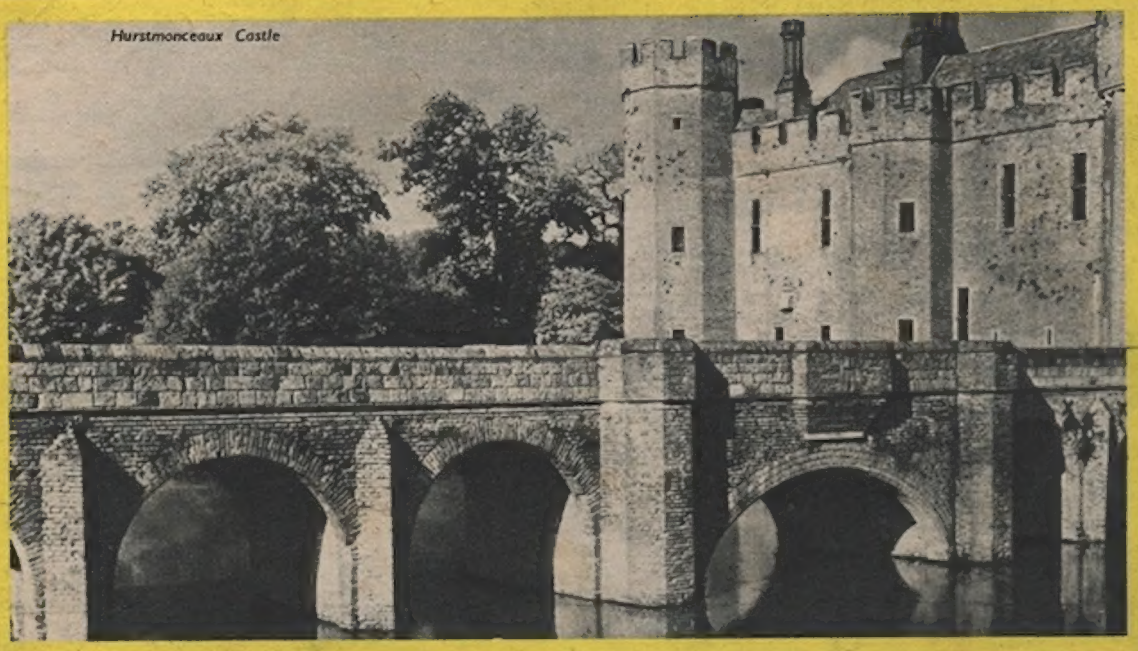
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